9753-7

Friday
July 2nd
warm and
clear.

A most auspicious day this was to welcome the first-comers to our new little war-baby Merryweather. What with war-time rationing and restrictions, it is a small and somewhat puzzled Phoenix that is about to stretch its wings; but though the sugar barrel may be low, and the good roast beef practically non-existent, the Merryweather spirit most certainly is not. With J.R. at the helm, J.W.S. managing the housekeeping, and E.T.P. and L.E.P. to aid and abet them, as well as a crew composed largely of second-generation Merryweatherites, the ship is in a fair way to make a record voyage.

To return to the matter in hand; shortly after four this afternoon, in spite of grudging ration boards, a weary Ford panted into Camp, and disgorged: Eliot T. Putnam Jr., Laura E. Putnam Eliot T. Putnam 3rd, and Betsy Putnam, also Jean Nay, who will run the "nursery". A couple of hours of buzzing saw things well under control, the way having been paved two weeks earlier by the scholarly foursome of Terry, Putnam and squaws. The Pond was just about the most perfect bathtub one could well imagine!

Saturday
July 3rd
warm and
clear.

Camp became more alive each moment, as shutters were removed, doors opened and floors swept, that had seen no light for five years. At three P.M. Julia W. Shaw and John Richards arrived in the Yellow House car, bearing innumerable packages, the stowing of which occupied the rest of the afternoon.

23-144

Sunday, July 4th
warm, but windy.

The Glorious Fourth came and went without so much as a single bang, - oh yes, there was one,- an elderly but still powerful firecracker, discovered by E.T.P. while cleaning out South. There was very little Sabbath rest either, for that matter, as the work of "opening up" went on. E.T.P., having been unanimously elected "Chips", spent a noble day with the hammer and saw, while the other members engaged in various worthy projects. All hands took time out at noon for a modest orgy of cold chicken and strawberries.

Monday, July 5th
wind: S.E., rain.

This rather vile weather has its uses. The Big Room got a good turn-out, and many minor indoor chores were polished off, which never would have been done if the weather had stayed lovely. Sadie Letton and daughter Mary arrived at 8.00 A.M., to take over the culinary department. J.R. and E.T.P. made a short excursion in search of the wiley bass, but returned empty-handed.

Since Camp officially closed five years ago, there have been a few changes in the physical appearance, which may as well be listed here. The float is somewhat smaller, which means no diving-board, but is much more practical for the number of men available to handle it. The canoe-rack has been removed (the work of Profs. Ferry and Putnam.) Three of the old canoes have departed for other waters: the Ebenezer, the Aboljockamegus, and the Caucomgomock. There will shortly be a new canoe in their stead. The latest addition to the navigational equipment is a ramp, built today next to the Memorial, on which to haul up a rangely.

Tuesday, July 6th.
wind: light N.W.
warm and sunny.

This morning saw the demise of an old and faithful (?) friend, the kitchen pump. Having gurgled and choked through the last few days, it finally turned up its toes and died, to the consternation of the entire assembly. There was much tearing of hair over whether it could be revived, or where a successor could be purchased, until Chas. Anderson hit on the happy solution of borrowing the Rest House pump for the duration. Evening sees us still pumpless but hopeful, and fervently thanking heaven that it didn't wait until the day after tomorrow!

E.T.P. departed on the afternoon train for Boston, to purchase fish-cleaning knives and other necessaries, and escort our Campers back. Later in the afternoon arrived: Charles Rimmer to preside over the South Dorm, and see to countless prefectorial etcetera. Swims for all hands, and a magnificent sunset completed the day.

Wednesday, July 7th.
wind: light S.E.
cloudy, warm.

Any old Campers returning to visit this summer, beware! A vigorous shuffle of the zoning laws has resulted in the Infirmary being moved to Sunshine Alley, while diapers flap gaily in the sacred precincts of Bachelors' Row. However, for your comfort, Diana is still Diana!

Big doings today. First and foremost, the new pump was installed, and it gushes water at the flick of a finger. The Shawnee, a canvas rowboat, kindly lent for the summer by the Shaw family, came down from Fourway to join the fleet. Also the bashful ice man, long-expected, arrived just as the last crumb of ice dissolved. Things are really squaring away for the start now.

Thursday, July 8th
wind: N.W, light.

A series of catastrophies this morning threatened the sanity of the inhabitants, but as the sun sets we once more have smooth sailing. The new pump broke, the drains clogged, and the crowning glory of the evening meal, a massive roast of beef, failed to appear. In spite of this alarming array of disaster, the cohorts continued to forge ahead, aiming for the witching hour of four-fifteen. Promptly on the hour we heard the rumbling approach of the truck, and then, just as in "Pig, pig, get over the stile" things began to happen. The campers arrived, Chas Anderson and the plumber arrived, the beef arrived, and to add an extra touch, the new canoe arrived. Rome, in fact, was saved.

Here follow the names of our Campers, all save one, who will be with us in another week. May their stay here be a really Merry one.

W.D. Bickner 3rd
E.P. Bliss
B.W. Cate.
W.S. Boyden
J. Richards
R. Hall
P.W. Nash
P. Bullard
Terry Batchelder
W.L. Payson
W.L. Bliss
S.S. Batchelder Jr.
Dickie Coolidge

The pond put on its very best manners to welcome the newcomers, and a fine swim was had by all. It was discovered that unfortunately a few of the suitcases had failed to arrive, so certain gentlemen were forced to put on their store clothes again. One frisky bag escaped altogether, and ended up in Waterville, whence it will have to be retrieved. These minor misfortunes, however, failed to spoil the pleasure of a delicious first meal, and afterward a tour of the Scouting Field, etc. With J.R. tickling the ivories in a masterful manner, the evening was capped off with a tremendous bout of the old, traditional first-night game of "Going to Jerusalem" - and so to bed, lighted by a wonderful golden sunset.

Friday, July 9th
wind: flat, light
S.W. late in day.

After a talk on Camp rules and customs by Captain John, the squads swung into action, finding more real work to be done than have many of their predecessors. Wood-boxes to be filled, ice to be brought down, and, for the nonce, water to be lugged to the kitchen, are all truly indispensable services, though their glamour may be small.

Swimming tests were run off with remarkable results. All but two made the grade, and they are due to make it before long - a really grand record, considering ages. Often in past years there have been four or five non-swimmers long after Camp opened.

J.W.S. started the afternoon readings with A. Conan Doyle's "The White Company" - a grand story.

Then came a big moment as the Ouani slid down the ways, and, accompanied by the Worry, set off for North Bay. The crews were green, but the homecoming was definitely accomplished with much improvement over the departure.

Ouananiche		Worromontogus
J.R.		E.T.P.
C.R.	Boyden	Bullard
Batchelder, T.	Batchelder, D.	Hicknor
Bliss, E.	Cate	Bliss, W.
Coolidge	Fayson	
Nash	Hall	
Richards		

At supper we were spellbound by the tales of an old Merryweather big-game hunter, who described some of the rarer and more savage denizens of the Belgrade forests. Perhaps the most noteworthy of all was the beneficent Wild Boar, who lives exclusively off the meat of man-eating elephants. Before eating he always fries the meat in a portable skillet which is attatched to his tail, and to grease the skillet he merely climbs into it and sits over the fire for a few minutes, thus preparing it perfectly and removing any excess avoirdupois at the same time.

Three teams of Dumbcrambo gave a half-hour of spirited performance. The audience was put to it to think up words hard enough to stump them for more than two or three tries. Thus ended a most successful first day.

1943
July 9

ETP ?
LEP. ?
~~LEP~~

Saturday, July 10
wind: variable
hot, sunny.

First navigation squad this morning. The members concentrated on the fine art of canoeing, and though there were many wobbles there were no impromptu baths. Good work!

Fishy - fishy for all hands in the afternoon. Total catch: one undersized perch! The explanation offered was that there were no worms, so it was all trolling, that the water has warmed up so that the bass have gone down to deeper parts of the pond:: wherefor no fish. Luckily the commissary dept. hadn't figured on a heavy catch, and a grand Saturday-night bean-fest dispelled any lingering gloom.

At eight o'clock we hied ourselves to the Point, armed with fifty-seven varieties of mosquito dope. There a new custom was inaugurated: the Merryweather Campfire. Captain John called us together into a large circle, facing a beautiful fire, built against the big rock, and started the ball rolling with some thrilling tales of his camping experiences. He told three anecdotes, all having to do with bears, all of which were enough to make your hair stand on end. Woven into the stories were many useful bits of camping lore, and vivid pictures of the wild terrain of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and northern Maine. It was nice to hear from an experienced camper, that for sheer beauty and interest, nothing can beat the woods of this grand old State.

E.T.P. then stepped to the podium, and ably led us through an assortment of Camp songs, ending the show with a hilarious if not too perfect rendition of "John Brown's Body". We were startled to find that half-past-eight had become nine, and there was a swift and noisy dash for bed.

Here follow the line-ups of the various crews which went out with such high hopes, and came back empty-handed. A somewhat hectic scribe all but omitted them.

Cobbosseecontee

J.R.
Coolidge
Hall

Carrabbassett

E.T.P.
Richards
Batch, S.

Shawnee

Bliss, W.
Nash

Green

C.R.
Cate
Payson

Arklet

Batch, T
Bliss, E.

Greeny

Boyden
Bullard
Ticknor

Sunday, July 11th
Bar: 29.85
Temp. 84 at 2 P.M.
warm, calm.

Now we are really under way. The weather man has reported for duty! This and other appointments were posted on the door today, as follows:

Inspector: Bliss, W.

Lamps: Batchelder, T.
Ticknor

Weather: Richards

Merryweather
Light: Boyden

These officers hold their posts until Wednesday, when new appointments will be made.

After Service and the Sunday morning letters all hands reported to the Boat-house for their initial weighing-in, and after a fine swim, proceeded to falsify the records by gorging on chicken, peas and ice-cream.

The afternoon was go-as-you-please until four, the weather

being too hot and muggy for anything but a little desultory fishing, when the first fish (bass, 11") was captured by W. Ticknor Esq. At four the following crews set out for a picnic on Oak:

<u>Ouani</u>

J.R.
Cate
Bliss, E.
Boyden
Bullard
Bliss, W.
Nash
Batch, S.
Payson
Ticknor
E.T.P.Jr.
Richards
Hall
J.W.S.

<u>Greenie</u>

C.R.
Batch, T.
Coolidge: cox

<u>Domum Ignes</u>

L.E.P.

It was too hot for any kind of rushing around, so various word games were played after supper, the time before being devoted to a tour of the island and a welcome swim. Home again, shortly after seven, for a few rounds of "Monkey in Sight", and then "Red Saunders' Pets" until bed-time.

Monday, July 12th
temp: 74
Bar. 29.78
warm and cloudy.
Forecast: cloudy, and windy.

Another sultry day. Would that our weather man had been right in his forecast! Evening brought a still-glassy pond, and no relief from the heat wave.

Navigation was again the big squad of the morning, with a shell appearing for the first time during swim. Shortly (five minutes) before lunch T. Batch, casting from the slip in Batchelors' Row, hooked bass no. 2, a fine twelve-inch fish, who bent the rod in his battle for freedom.

Nick Hall joined the ranks of the swimmers today. Good work, Nick. The way Batch. S. is coming along, too,makes us think that pretty soon we will be a 100% aquatic camp.

The afternoon was so logy that activity was slight until four,

when the bretheren split up, some to explore the land between here and the Landslide, others to assault the strongholds of the fish once more. The Landsliders:

J.R.
Batch, S.
Coolidge
Hall
Richards
(Cate was to have been of the number, but retired to the Sick Bay for a brief stay)

The Fishermen, who took their suppers with them:

Shawnee	Green	Arklet	Greenie
Bliss, W.	Bliss, E.	E.T.P.	C.R.
Boyden	Batch, T.	Nash	Bullard
	Payson		Ticknor

The landsliders returned in time for a leisurely swim, where Moab featured largely. The fishermen, with the wriggly help of many worms, some dug in the backyard of the Maison Cook, some purchased in Waterville by J.W.S., returned early from the Grand Banks. The home guard was a bit anxious when they spotted the incoming craft, but there was little need. SIXTY-SEVEN wiley fish nibbled their last nibble! There were five bass, and one yellow perch among the catch, the rest being the delectable and toothsome white perch. The palm for biggest individual catch goes to William Ticknor, with 10 fish, E.T.P. carrying off the faculty honors with a mere 18 to his credit. And now we'll have some chowder, chowder!

While a skeleton crew skinned the fish on the back stoop, the rest of the inmates played, first, a game of Earth, Air and Water, and then three hilarious rounds of Scandal, or Gossip, whichever you prefer.

Total fish caught so far: 61 white perch, 1 yellow perch, five bass. (seven since Camp opened)

Tuesday, July 13th.
temp: 74, bar: 29.76
forecast: still and hot
S.W. wind in afternoon.

The heat continues unabated, but the gang appears surprisingly unwilted. This may be due to one of two causes: the newspaper, which informs us, much to our amazement, that Arizona and Maine are the two hottest states in the Union at the moment - which makes us feel very brave - : or perhaps it is really due to our beloved old pond, which sits there, ready to receive our panting corporosities at any moment. Swimming begins at 6.30 A.M. and ends with a final splash around 10.00 P.M. - and what luxurious wallowings do go on!

There has been one example of mass heat-prostration at Camp however. The worms, those lovely imported creaturse, or rather what was left of them after yesterday's onslaughts, succumbed to the high temperature, and much to our sorrow, were duly buried. May their successors, where-ever they may be, look forward to a more profitable demise!

The first bout of Skowhegan was played this afternoon, between the WACS and the WAVES, two green but enthusiastic companies. The first game was held in the shadows of Pine Parlor, and the other two on the Ridge. E.T.P. was Skipper and Instructor-general, and so the two teams started from scratch, no member of either having played any Skowhegan or Scouting before. There were fine examples of what to do, and what not to do, and as it was a game primarily of instruction, the ghosts were allowed to stand up in the Bone Yard, that they might better learn their lesson. One of the first things not to do, we learned, was to wear sky-blue polo-shirts, easy on the eyes though they be. Neither, for that matter is yellow hair a wise choice. Query: shall the owner have it dyed?

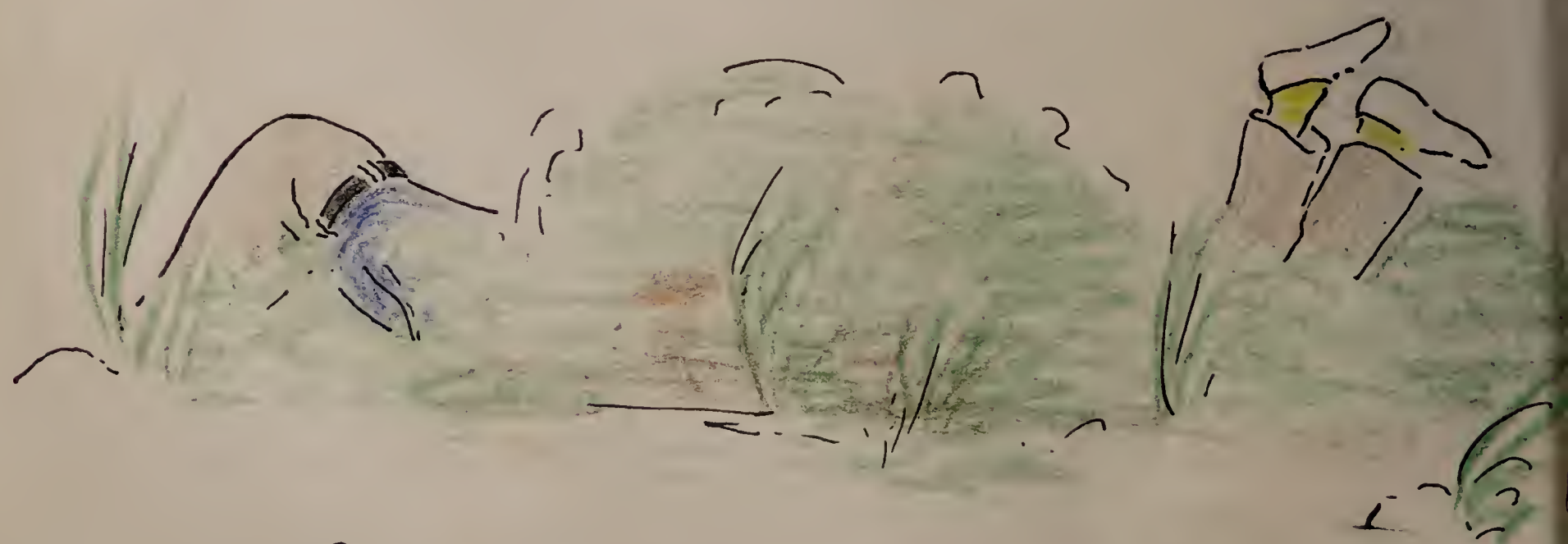
~ SKOWHEGAN ~

WACS

	K	Shots	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
C.R.	X				•	1	X	••	
Batch S.		•			••		X	•	
Bliss E.	X	•			•••	////	X	••	
Boyden	X			X			X		
Coolidge	✓			✓				•	1
Nash	✓			X			X		
Tickner	✓			X			X		
	3	2	0	3	6	5	6	6	1

WAVES

	K	S	R	K	S	R	K
Batch T.	X			X			X
Bliss W.	X			X			X
Bullard		•		X	••		X
Cate		••		X			X
Hall	✓			✓			X
Payson	✓			X	•		X
Richards	✓			X			
	2	3	0	6	3	0	6



Scene in the Sweetfern.

Games in the evening for all hands, except E.T.P., who is still nursing a hornet-bitten ankle. Two hilarious rounds of Teakettle, featuring Bliss W. and Captain John, followed by one wild "Gossip" brought us all too quickly to half-past-eight.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Billie Tick,
You have won the fishing trick;
Though we fill nets till they burst,
Your ten-inches was the first!

Twinkle, Twinkle little hornet,
Those who feel your sting will mourn it,
Mr. Put's too brave to yell,
But you made his ankle swell.

Twinkle, Twinkle little tick
As a swimmer you are slick,
Now the test is up to Sandy,
When he passes, 'twill be dandy.

Wednesday, July 14th continued warm, showers in morning.

A splendid new project was accomplished this morning, under the guiding genius of E.T.P. The old and infirm, though we like to think picturesque, lamp-stand, which graced the back premises since the year One, is gone. In its stead a neat and compact shelf has been erected under the eaves of the ice-house, alongside of Mexico.

The Oddfellows are having a running battle with a wiley fish, who lurks off the Bachelors' Row slip, and defies them to catch him with even the rarest and most seductive lure. He must have a sore mouth by now, anyway, from the number of strikes reported.

Roast beef again today. This is certainly the lap of luxury! It makes us feel a trifle guilty, when we consider our unfortunate neighbour, Camp Kennebec, who can purchase no suitable meat of any variety, and is forced to live on a diet of beans and lentils.

A warm afternoon, with thunderheads in the offing seemed to indicate a game of ball. Consequently three P.M. saw the crowds gathering on the Field. Here follows an eyewitness account by one of our foremost reporters.

Lord Louis Mountbatten's Commandos were unable to cope with the more experienced Rangers in the first raid of the season. Led by the fine example of Captain Bliss, the Rangers carried out their mission with a furious assault of grenades. Privates First Class Boyden, Payson and Sandy Batch all landed bomb hits through the enemy defenses, and the first two followed their Captains home. Although unable to return successfully to their home base, the Commandos, especially Terry Batch, showed the rough tactics for which they are famous. Bullard, Picknor and Ned Bliss were able to hurl Molotoff Cocktails into the enemy backyard. C.R. was awarded

the D.S.O. for valor beyond the line of duty, in successfully catching, usually barehanded, all the missiles hurled by the opposing mortars. The RangerHigh Command was thoroughly pleased with the initial operation, and issued the following Communique: "Successful infiltration effected through hot and porous Commando defenses. Prospects bright for opening of Second Front".

Rangers vs. Commandos of at Sportsmans Park 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Sto ba
			1	Baxter	4	1-3	3		—		—	2-3						5	1	2		
			2	Wilson	6	—		1-3	2		—							4	1	2		
			3	Batchs.	5	—		2-3	1-3		K							4	0	1		
			4	Bliss W.	3	3		—	—	—	E-4							4	1	2		
			5	Nick	8	K		K			2-3							4	0	0		
			6	Hall	1		1-3		K	K								3	0	0		
			7	Coolidge	7		K		K	K		K						4	0	0		
			8	C.R.	2																	
			9	E.P.	1																	
			10																			
			11																			
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	1/1	2/2	1/1	/	/	/	/	/	28	3	7		

Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Tot base.
						1-b. on errors.		1			
Mnffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Mnffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire T.R. of Scorer

Commandos vs. Rangers of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Tickner	3	E2	E1	1-3		—	1-3							5	0	1		
			2	Bailey	4	1-3	E2	—	3-6	—								4	0	2		
			3	[illegible]	6	K	3-1		E-3	K	1	1						5	0	0		
			4	[illegible]	5	2-1		1-3	1-3	—		1-5						5	0	1		
			5	[illegible]	7		1-3	E1	1	K		1-3						5	0	0		
			6	[illegible]	1		K	K		K	1-3							4	0	0		
			7	CO	2																	
			8	E.P.	1																	
			9																			
			10																			
			11																			
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/1	0/0	1/1	0/0	0/0	1/1	1/1	/	/	/	/	/	28	0	4		

Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.					
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Mnffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire T.R. of Scorer

For many years Wednesday Evening at Camp Merryweather has been set aside for the acting of Charades, and this evening was no exception. Three small but histrionically gifted teams performed in a manner worthy of our highest commendation. The teams, which will remain the same throughout the season, are as follows:

E.T.P.	L.E.P.	J.R.
Batch, S.	C.R.	J.W.S.
Bliss, E.	Batch, T.	Bliss, W.
Cate	Bullard	Boyden
Hall	Coolidge	Nash
Ticknor	Richards	Payson

L.E.P's side opened the evening with the two-syllable word: Fortress. The first scene was a political rally, where Batch, T. lassoed his voters with golden-tongued assurances that he was for the people, for free beer, and FOR steak on every table. Next, C.R., weilding a lathery brush over the visage of Jack Richards, assured a would-be lady customer "Zat he was not used to ze trimming of sosh elegant long tresses". The whole word was depicted as the inside of a bomber - Flying Fortress - a very convincing scene.

Next J.R. and his company acted Colum-bus. In the first scene Peter Nash was a magnificent Samson, draped tastefully in a blue bedspread, and mighty was the destruction that he accomplished. The outstanding character of the second scene (interior of a bus) was a timorous old lady, acted by J.W.S. Finally we saw Columbus and his faithful crew in the prow of their ship, down to their last hunk of salt pork, and anxiously scanning the horizon. In the nick of time, before they really succumb to starvation, they see first a wondrous shore bird, then a floating branch, and finally a scantily-clad Indian, all performed with skill and grace by Bill Payson.

The last charade was a stirring and militaristic rendition of

Commandos. In the first scene E.T.P., a fire-eating seargent, drilled a file of draftees, bellowing his commands in a blood-curdling voice. Next, a gentle singing-class episode gave a curious and original performance of The Marine Hymn, with benefit of pitch-pipe, and the key-note, Do. The final act was a thriller. On a darkened stage a Nazi lookout (E.T.P. in rubber boots and a tin helmet) paced to and fro, unaware of the landing-barge in the shadows, until, with blood-curdling yells, he was set upon, and felled, in what we regret to state seemed rather an un-gentlemanly manner.

Thus ended our first Charade evening, which all pronounced a great success.

Tumble, tumble Benny Cate,
For your clothes you had to wait;
When your suitcase reached this section
Your costume became perfection.

Tumble, tumble, pile of boulders
Raised by swimmers' backs and shoulders;
Soon you'll be a spot of dry land,
And we'll call you Batch's Island!

Thursday, July 15th
Temp: 72, 7.30 A.M.
Bar: 29.46 Cloudy,
light S.W. wind, clearing later.

The big news of the moment is that Mammoth Cave is no more. The huge tent, made to hold a dozen boys, and put up sometime before 1910, was demolished today. Owing to the difficulty of getting new canvas, Mammoth Cave had not been used for a good many years, and the framework was fast becoming a menace to life and limb, as the Cooks' cows wandered about on the floor, poking holes, that were soon concealed with pine-needles. Now it has vanished. In one short squad-time E.T.P. & Co., Building Wreckers, reduced it to a neat pile of kindling-wood. P.S. We find on looking back in the Log, that 1912 was the year it was first put up.

On looking at the door, we perceived a new list of Appointees for the rest of the week. They are as follows:

Inspector: Batch, T.

Lamps: Batch, S.
Hall

Weather: Nash

Merryweather Light:
Bliss, E.

The new weather prophet did us proud at his first try. Shortly before swim time it became apparent that the wind was hauling around to the N.W., and by the time the powers that be went into a pow-wow in Faculty Coffee (or is it Postum?) the day was a perfect example of beautiful Scouting weather, and Scouting there accordingly was.

Our reporter was unable to be present throughout the afternoon, but was able to cull a few random notes, either first or second-hand. The field included the woods between Camp and Pine Parlor, an imaginary line drawn from the Big Oak, West to the Pond, marking the Southern boundary. The East boundary ran along the top of the Ridge, from the Big Oak to the North End of Pine Parlor, and a line

down to the Little Sandslide marked the North End. The Bone Yard was comfortably placed in the shade of a few trees, where Skipper and ghosts could get a good view of the many strange goings-on in the Middle Woods. E.T.P. captained the Penobscot braves, while C.R. headed the Kennebecs. The Penobscots started at the North End for the first game, and proceeded to reap a whirlwind victory in 25 minutes of fierce and noisy battle. E.T.P. died early in the game, by his own hand. Realizing that he had been out of bounds for some time, he nobly decided that honorable death was better than a life of dishonor, and so ran upon his own sword, in the manner of the Roman Gladiators. Ned Bliss, the Galloping Ghost of the Kennebecs, chalked up four runs to his credit before the battle ended.

The tables were turned in the second engagement, as the Penobscots slugged their way to a 4 - 2 victory, those two wiley braves, Bliss, W. and Bullard, appearing wet to the waist at the "All In", each with two runs to his credit. Bill Bliss chalked up an enviable record for the afternoon, having acquired no less than five scalps and a run the first game, and garnering a sixth scalp in the last. He was, however, outshone fraternally, as Ned pulled off a total of five runs for the afternoon, and also brought home six hairy souvenirs. The second "All In" was called at the end of twenty minutes, and that time-limit was decided upon as the better of the two.

No prayers or dances could save the Kennebecs in the third encounter, as, thirsting for blood, a whirlwind enemy flung itself upon them. Mighty was the slaughter, as they fought valiantly to the last man. When the dust cleared away, eight wailing wraiths were all that was left of the doughty Kennebecs, while the

howling Penobscots tore back and forth, to collect seven runs.

All hands back once more to the pond, for a good swim, and burying of the hatchet. J.K. and E.T.P. agree, as the two authorities, that the time for more practice sessions is now passed, and that next time will see the Algonquins and Iroquois upon the War-path.

Such was the violence of the afternoon, that a go-as-you please evening was decided on, and the campers gratefully rested themselves with such placid pastimes as scrub baseball, ripping up the platform in front of the shop, or just screaming their heads off in an extasy of rough-housing.

Trial Scouting

Kennebecs

	K	Shot	R	K	Shot	R	K	Shot	R
Batch S.	X	•	1	✓	✓	✓	X		
Bliss E.	X	••	IIII		••	1	X	••	
Boyden	X			X	•		X		
Coolidge	X		1	X			X		
Nash	X			X	•		X		
Richards	X			X			X		
Tickner	X		1	X		1	X		
C. R.		•	1	X			X	••	1
			8			2			1

Penobscots

	K	Shot	R	K	Shot	R	K	Shot	R
Batch T.	X			X			X	••	1
Bliss W.		•••	1			II		•	
Bullard		•			•	II	X		
Cate	X	•		X	•			••	III
Hall	X			X			X	•	
Paulson	X				•••		X		
E.T.P.	X			X	•			••	III
			1			4			7

Friday, July 16th
Temp: 70, 7.30 A.M.
Bar: 29.52. Wind:
strong N.W. continuing
all day.

Blankets on the Hill, in spite of a roaring wind. There were those of us who feared they might fly away. Every one seems contented tonight, though, so we suppose all is well. Swim was a brisk affair: not much temptation to linger when every time you open your mouth half of Great Pond slops in! However, some of the hardier enjoyed the "surf bathing", which is the first time we have heard that particular term applied to this particular piece of water.

Work on the platform in front of the Shop went on at such a pace that J.W.S. found her daily walk to the store room no longer fraught with the hazards it used to present; a grand project!

Afternoon brought no lessening of the wind, so any water-work was out of the question. In stead all hands except the ladies and the infant Puts set out for Bickford's Hill, via the Stevens and Alexander farms. It was perfect walking weather, and "an enjiyable time was had by all". Blueberries and raspberries were thoughtfully left by the roadside for the refreshment of the party, and a variety of animals enlivened the view. We understand that Dinosaur and Man-eating Elephant tracks were found in abundance, but luckily the fearsome creatures themselves were not encountered.

Evening came early, as a great cloud-bank hid the sunset, so we retired to the warmth of a fire-lit big room (first fire since Camp started!) and played a wild and woolly game of Boston. L.E.P. won the palm for best disguise, being mistaken by the catcher for Sandy Batch.

Ouananiche		Greenie
J.R.		E.T.P.
C.R.	Batch	Boyden
Bullard	Batch	Coolidge
Cate	Bliss	
Ticknor	Bliss	
Nash	Richards	
Hall		
L.E.P.		

The voyage across was made without incident, except for a city-slicker in a launch, who, intent on getting pictures of the wild life of backwoods Maine, bore down upon us with movie-camera whirring. Various attitudes and expressions were assumed for his benefit. We hope that none of our number will ever have to be present at the showing of that particular bit of film!

As a result of the descent upon the "Lakes" that city is now some ten dollars richer, as purchases were made, varying from 5¢ cones to dollars' worth of comestibles to assuage the appetites of the infant Puts, roaring for food on the home shore.

On the way back a few shifts were made. E.T.P. moved over to the Ouani, and L.E.P. forsook her reporting duties for a whack at paddling, too. With a light tail wind we made good time, and the last hundred yards were laced into in traditional style.

As the voyagers neared the land, a masculine form was made out, unfamiliar to most, coming down the Ouani slip. Imagine our surprised delight when it turned out to be Henry H. Richards. He came up to Gardiner for the Skipper's birthday, and being within striking distance, decided to spring a surprise attack on the Merryweather garrison. The Yellow House car was commandeered for the purpose (emergency call to bring out a new pump, in case the Ration Board wants to know) and the stronghold was occupied, strange to say, without a murmer of protest. Alas, he can only be with us until tomorrow, at practically the screech of dawn, but we'll take

what we can get, and LIKE it!

Evening saw us all gathered at the Point again. This time we needed very little mosquito dope, and the fire was pleasantly warm, as a brisk South wind had sprung up shortly before supper. The Song of the Ouananiche and others sounded full of pep, with another strong voice to help the volume. This time, after a good "sing" E.T.P. made the hair crawl on the backs of our necks as he read us John Russell's "The Winning Hand"; a story to send one off to bed with every prospect of most superior nightmares!

Twinkle, twinkle, Campers all,
  As down the slip you gaily trip-
This is the day when Skipper's call
  Still wakes us for our morning dip.

You are too young to know, but we,
  Your Fathers and the Old Camp Guard,
We hear it ringing still today,
  Waking a world that's battle-scarred.

We hear it through the bugle call,
  It soothes us after fitful rest.
We catch the scent of Middle Woods.
  We know that breeze: it's due North-West.

That call you hear this happy morn
  Means just one thing to us now, as then.
It brings the dawn of a happier day,
  When the smell of smoke has passed away,
And we're scouting with you on the Ridge again.

E.T.P.Jr.

Sunday, July 18th
Temp: 67
Bar: 29.62
wind: South. Forecast: foggy all day.

Our new weather prophet is a pessimist. About the middle of the morning the wind dropped to almost a flat calm, and the afternoon saw our beloved North-west back once more. The fog, clouds, mist, or what-have-you all cleared away, to such an extent that there wasn't enough to make a show at sunset.

The new appointments were posted this morning, as follows:

Lamps: Boyden Weather: Coolidge

Inspector: Batch, S. Merryweather Light: Bliss, W.

A singular calm fell upon the denizens this day. A peaceful morning, with a good swim, and plenty of scrawls home, was ended by a tremendous Sunday Feast. Reading was late. Nobody budged until half-past-three, and even then a few continued in a horizontal position long after J.W.S. had finished reading, and a go-as-you-please afternoon had been declared.

Various and sundry projects were followed for the balance of the afternoon, the bulk of them centering around the Shop. We hope that as time goes on the Shopping will increase, as there is lumber, and plenty of tools, and a lot of space to work in.

At five Captain John tootled upon the horn, and we gathered on the front porch, equipped with sweaters, baskets of edibles, and no end of oddments, in preperation for a Pine-Parlor picnic. All hands departed, saving only J.W.S., who remained to keep the home fires burning. Once the milk cans had been carefully draped in wet towels, and the other food safely deposited under a stalwart tree, a long and violent game of Wolf was indulged in, up on the Ridge, which well made up for the quiet of the early afternoon. About half-past-six the peanut-butters and the jammies

began to vanish in a systematic manner, and when the watermelon and some seventy-odd toasted marshmallows had likewise disappeared the banquet was declared finished. Ben Cate was inclined to disagree, and finding no more marshmallows, took to toasting his sock instead - an edifying sight for all. "Merry Green Fields of England" and "John Brown's Body" completed a fine party, after which all returned to the Big Room to track down a couple of wary monkeys.

Monday, July 19th
Temp: 69
Bar: 29.62
Wind N.W. forecast:
cloudy all day.

This morning saw the finishing of the new walk in front of the Shop. The Back Yard also was put in super-perfect order, and a third great accomplishment was the purchase of a new army of worms. L.E.P. and Eliot had to go almost to Waterville, such is the dearth of wrigglers, due to the dry spell, but now the fish had better beware once more! They're due for another shellacking.

This was a big afternoon. The first clash of the Algonquins and Iroquois took place on a hitherto untried field. One of the best features, as a matter of fact, of such small teams is that instead of always using the same large field, several smaller ones can be used, adding extra variety, and spice. This field was laid in territory bounded on the West by the top of the Ridge, with the Great Oak marking the S.W. corner. From there a line drawn to the upper part of the Underground marked the Southern boundary. The West boundary ran as far as the site of the Middle Fence, and the Northern boundary ran from there to a small pine tree just East of the Ridge path.

While the braves were still lingering in the Big Room before the battle, some worries were expressed that it might be rather cold, but the tune soon changed, out of the wind and in the sun, which blazed down on a sea of sweet-fern.

Twenty-five minutes was definitely decided on as the best length of time for a game. In the first round E.T.F. scored the single Algonquin run, which was enough to put them out in front. The Algonquins, once leading, carried the afternoon, and in the second and third games not an Iroquois brave was left to tell the grisly tale. Bill Bliss and Ben Cate collected the greatest number

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
E. T. P.		•	|	X				•••	||
Bliss, W	X	•			•••	||	X		
Bullard	✓	✓	✓	X			X		
Cate	X	•		X	•			•••	|
Nash		•		X				•	|
Richards		•			•		X		
Ticknor	✓	✓	✓	X					|
totals	2	5	1	5	7	2	3	7	5

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
C.R.	X	•		X			X		
Batch S.	✓	✓	✓	X			X		
Batch T.	X	•		X	•		X	••	||
Bliss E.	X			X	•••		X	•	
Boyden	X			X		|	X		
Coolidge	✓	✓	✓	X	•		X		
Hall	X			X			X		
totals	5	2	0	7	5	1	7	3	2

of scalps, six and five respectively. However, the statistics don't tell everything, and the contest was more closely fought than would appear. The Captains and Skipper agreed that altogether it was an afternoon of good play, and that both sides did excellent first-day performances.

During the Scouting the ghosts, gazing down from the Bone Yard, perceived the approach of Charlie Anderson's automobile, and when they returned to Camp, found George H. Abbot here at last, having safely warded off the German Measles. Now the Roster is complete, except for Bill Payson.

In the Evening there was Digestion Club: a half-hour in the Annex with Red Saunders' Pets. Then a wild game of Still Palm, No More Moving, followed closely by three hasty rounds of Scandal, polished off the day in fine style.

Tuesday, July 20th
Temp: 60
Wind: S.W., heavy
Bar: 29.60

This morning it was pleasant indeed to find a fire burning merrily when we came in to Breakfast. Squads were windblown, and Swim was no more than a hasty shuddering plunge. The Game cupboard was very popular throughout the balance of the morning.

About noon things began to look brighter, and by the time reading was finished the sun was shining, and the crowds were already assembling at the Ball Park to witness a slugfest between the Boobytraps and the Blockbusters.

The Boobytraps had the first opportunity to do a little dirty-work, but somehow the fuses must have been wet, and Batch T. dropped a big baby in the first raid, to start the Blockbusters off in the lead. In the fourth attack the Blockbusters smashed

a fierce conglomeration of traps, Batch, T. Boyden and Bliss, W. doing double slaughter on the opponents' fast sally. In the sixth and last Blockbuster raid a tremendous triple-city smash was made, Bliss, W. scoring a direct hit on the State-House. The Boobytraps were unable to recover, and after a dying skirmish, surrendered, in a 6 - 3 campaign.

BOOBYTRAPS vs. BLOCKBUSTERS of V 1st Mass at JULY 20 1943

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	TICKNOR	3	•	•3		•3	•		•3						5	0	0		
			2	BULLARD	4	•	•4-3		•DP 643		•3	•3						5	0	1		
			3	ABBOT	6	E2		•1-6	•643 DP		•4-5	E6						5	0	2		
			4	BLISS E.	5					•	•	•5						5	2	4		
			5	GATE	7	•		•		•1	•1-3							4	0	0		
			6	RICHARDS	8		•	•2-3		•1-3	•	•						4	1	1		
			7	C.R.	2																	
			8	E.T.P. Jr.	1																	
			9																			
			10																			
			11																			
				TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0/0	0/0	0/0	1/1	1/2	1/3	/	/	/	/	/	28	3	8		
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.													Bliss E			
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Impire ETP of Scorer

BLOCKBUSTERS vs. BOOBYTRAPS of at SICILY 1.

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
			1	BOYDEN	4	•1-3	•2-3	—		—	•4							4	0	2	
			2	BATCH T.	6	•		•2-3	—	•2-3	•							4	1	2	
			3	BATCH S.	5	—		•	•4-3		•							4	2	3	
			4	BLISS W.	3	•4		•	•3		•							4	2	2	
			5	NASH	8	•1		•	•		•E2							4	1	1	
			6	HALL	9		•4-3	•FC		•1-3	•1							4	0	0	
			7	COOLIDGE	7		•1-3	HR		•1-3	•							3	0	0	
			8	C.R.	2																
			9	E.T.P. Jr.	1																
			10																		
			11																		
				TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/	0/1	2/3	0/3	0/3	3/6	/	/	/	/	/	/	27	6	10	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
						1-b. on errors.													Bliss		B
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.
						Batt'y errors.															

Umpire of Scorer

This evening we departed from the usual custom of Camp, holding a Tuesday, instead of Wednesday, Charade battle. Shortly after supper the competing teams gathered at their respective stations, the order of appearance having been decided as: first, E.T.P., second, L.E.P. , third, J.R. Abbott joined the ranks of the Richards Dramatic Society, filling the place of Payson.

The first word was a timely one, having featured in Camp affairs no later than this afternoon, to wit:Blockbuster. The curtain opened upon a football match, where E.T.P., a tough guy of the first water, had the daylights blocked out of him by the opposing, smaller but more numerous team. The second scene, "Bust 'er" took some slight liberties with our fair language, but the sight of Miss E.T.P., in a tasteful gown of blue sateen, dealing out impossible questions to her Geography class was enough to bring complete forgiveness. Needless to say, the pupils eventually rebelled, and sprang upon the hapless maiden, exhorting each other to smack her sassy face, or words to the same effect. The whole word was a gruesome picture of a March of Time Broadcast, depicting the terrors that small French children go through as the R.A.F. makes its nightly visits. The ear-splitting noise of the bombardment left no doubt as to the word the audience was seeking.

Next on the bill of fare was "Emulate", the first two syllables acted together. Jack Richards as the rare and elusive Emu was a sensation. Next came a railroad station scene, with an original train made of chairs, which Peter Bullard unfortunately missed, to that gentleman's loudly-voiced rage. The whole word appeared as a session in Lionel Strongfort's (or was it Charles Atlas's?) gymnasium, where he rippled his biceps for the benefit of would-be imitators.

"Bombard" finished the evening in grand and bloodthirsty style. The first scene was homeric: Park Street, Boston, complete with top-hatted denizens and other fixin's, and in the middle a large unexploded bomb (it used to be an egg, and float serenely at one of the Rangeley moorings!). This scene was followed by one even more beauteous, if that were possible. King John of Wales, clad in white robes and a crown of ivy, surrounded by members of his court, was judging a competition between two of the country's ablest singers, to see which should be crowned chief bard of the court. First Peter Nash sang, in a voice to draw tears to the eyes, a touching and wistful version of "From the Halls of Montezuma", twanging meanwhile upon his faithful harp (uke to you). Next Linc Boyden took the instrument, and gave a magnificent performance of that stirring old Welsh ballad, "Home on the Range". The crown, after much thought, was finally awarded to Peter, and the Court then joined their King in a marvelous dance of celebration. The finale was a battle scene, "full of sound and fury" where sound-effects ran riot once more. Altogether, this was one of the pleasantest, and certainly the noisiest, evening that Merryweather has seen for many a moon.

Wednesday, July 21st.
Temp: 64, Bar: 29.67
wind: calm. Forecast:
foggy, sunny later.

A warm, muggy day again, but it looked promising of better things later on. Accordingly, the names of those favored few chosen for the first Camping Trip were posted, as follows:

Guide: E.T.P.
Batch, S.
Batch, T.
Bliss, W.
Bullard

The chosen ships were the Abagadassett, and the newly-christened Darius. Before we continue the day's record, let us pause a moment to explain who Darius is and was. Darius is one of the two green rangeleys; the other now is Seth. Which is which we are not quite sure, but we hope that soon a little paint will solve that dilemma. They are named after two notable gentlemen. Seth Green, according to the Encyclopedia, was an eminent American pisciculturist, which means that he knew about fish. Darius Green built a flying-machine, which wasn't a success, but a good idea anyhow. These worthies were no relation, neither do we have any reason to believe that they were acquainted, but we like their names, and we like their namesakes. Long life to Seth and Darius!

Well, to return to the matter in hand, the travellers were seen off in fine style, with much waving and howling and tootling on the horn. They plan to make their first stop at the Mills, and to return sometime tomorrow afternoon. More than this we do not know.

After the departure all hands returned to their squads, and polished them off in time for a fine swim. The pond was a mirror, and accordingly two shells ventured out, one of them treacherously spilling her occupant. We the editors, being of an

old and notorious crew family, and having had a small amount of actual experience ourselves (which was not to our credit) wish here and now to state, for the benefit of scoffers, that in our humble opinion single-sculling is like horseback riding in that it takes at least one spill, and often many more, to make an expert. Let not those who turn turtle be discouraged. The worst they can do is get wet!

Some anxiety was felt this morning over the health of the worms, who have been waiting silently in their little nest for some time now. However, upon investigation they were discovered to be in fine fettle, so a suppers-out fishing trip was decided upon, to the delight of the commissary department, which hoped for a large catch. At half-past-three the following ships headed for the shoals:

Erebus	Arklet	Seth	Shawnee
J.R.	C.R.	Boyden	Abbot
Cate	Coolidge	Bliss, E.	Nash
Richards	Hall	Ticknor	

The home guard indulged in various activities, all marked with a definitely peaceful aspect. The Putnams Jrs. perhaps the wisest of all, founded a small nudist colony in Bachelors' Row, and spent the afternoon sailing boats in the washtub.

Shortly after seven a Southerly breeze sprang up, and gently wafted the fishermen home, their vessels laden to varying degrees. The Arklet snared a total of three, one being a bass; the Shawnee brought four perch, one of them being a ten-and-a-half incher; the Erebus had one perch and four bass to her credit, Jack Richards catching the largest fish of the day, a pound-and-a-half bass. Last but not least, the Seth bagged a total of TWENTY-SIX fish, two of them bass. Why one boat struck it rich, while the others

had to content themselves with slim pickings, only the fish can tell. Anyhow, the commissary department is most highly pleased, and promises, as reward for their efforts, a fish-fry on the morrow.

While a picked team attended to the preparation of the catch for the frying-pan, the rest of Camp gathered for a game of City Steps, followed by one of Up, Jenkins! Extra rations of milk were served to all hands before retiring. Too bad, camping-trip! You missed something that time.

Fishing statistics to date:

Total catch: 108 fish.	Today's catch: 38 fish
Perch: 92	Perch: 31
Bass: 15 (L.E.P: 1, July 18)	Bass: 7
Yellow Perch: 1.	

Largest catch per boat: Seth: 26

Largest catch per man: E.T.P: 18

Largest fish; Bliss, W., Richards J. tied: 1½ lb. bass.

Thursday, July 22
Temp: 66
Bar: 29.52
Thundershowers.

Almost every one in Camp was wakened this morning at the gentle hour of five A.M., by a crash of thunder that must have nearly split Pickerel Rock. With mingled compassion and thankfulness, we thought of our unfortunate friends camping somewhere in the soggy depths of the forest primeval. There was nothing to do about their predicament however, so we turned over and went to sleep again.

Thundershowers continued throughout the morning. They kindly shortened the squad time, but less kindly curtailed our swim, which amounted to nothing more than a hasty dunk.

E.T.P. having deserted his Knot-tying class, L.E.P. was roped in to give a hasty resume of the simpler aspects of First Aid during the 9.00 to 9.30 session. Afterwards Captain John read a chapter from "Camping and Woodcraft" on getting lost and making a bivouac. Thus the squads did not commence until ten, a fact for which everybody was grateful.

Rain makes good bon-fire weather, nevertheless, and so, shortly after swim, two magnificent fires were started on the Ball Field, to do away with an accumulation of rubbish which has been going on for the last five years. When evening came, in spite of continued showers, their glow was still bright, and an immense amount of gurry had been accounted for. All hands, even E.T.P. 3rd, helped lug things from time to time, and it was a grand accomplishment.

We had been indulging in all sorts of speculation as to the fate of the Camping Trip, and were vastly relieved to see the two doughty vessels approaching just as Reading was over. Moist but valiant, they clambered ashore, to wring their blankets out and tell their tale of mingled fun and frightfulness.

The afternoon was "go-as-you-please", the only requisite being that before each one went his way he should put in half an hour of carrying junk to keep the fires burning. The weather had by this time taken a turn for the better, and boats were added to the list of go-as-you-pleases, also swim at five, to make up for the short one this morning.

Sadie's day out means "roll-your-own" supper, a pleasant affair for all. We hope that the Fierce Thing will rise in popularity, as the younger generation becomes acquainted with its virtues. Hay-bales are fine food for any man, but Wheaties definitely rate in the "breakfast-foods" division. There seems to be a shocking number of people who prefer to eat their breakfast at night; they must be re-educated! A super-dish-washing squad whirled things to rights once more, and assorted games occupied the evening, until quarter-of-eight. Then J.W.S. called all hands together for a merry little battle of "Towel"; tut, tut, scarcely a lady-like game!

It was raining again as we went to bed, but in a gentle, almost apologetic way, so that we didn't even bother to bring in the soggy camping blankets, this rain seemed so much drier than they!

Appointments for thursday through Saturday (we almost forgot them) Lamps: Abbot Weather: Cate Inspector: Bliss, E.

Merryweather Light: Nash

~ Camp Damp ~

The first Merryweather camping trip in five years will long be remembered by those intrepid souls who survived the rigors of five hours in an open tent.

Four B's – Batches S + J, Bliss W. and Bullard – buzzed merrily off in the Darwis and Worry with E.J.P. toward Monkey Point, reaching the Mills in the record time of 1 hour and five minutes. After stopping long enough to donate 10 ration points to the O.P.A., we beat North to Beaver Brook, for lunch. Bathing and basking on the boulders soon gave way to bass fishing and a box lunch. We pushed North again, at trolling speed, toward the West arm of Long Pond to see if the years had left a better camping site than was the case in years gone by. Although unavailing in our search for a cozy camp, we were led on by the knowledge that, for the first time in the writer's memory, all brooks and streams in the Belgrade chain, were open to fishing. While Sandy Batch and E.J.P. explored the stream – dry but fishable – as far as Rocky Mountain Pond – the others fished all available pools and eddies and landed one sucker (Batch J.) and one bona fide Brook Trout (Bullard) – a beautiful fish and a delectable dish, deliciously served by the owner that night. Deer tracks were sighted along the brook, and beautiful porcupine cry reared its ugly head at every turn. Sandy became very detached to the beauty of this wild herb – so much so that for two weeks his face kept reminding us of the brook.

Back to Beaver Springs and its sparkling

mineral waters and scented hemlocks. The evening meal was a thing of lasting memory. Boiled potatoes, Baked Beans, Fried Bass (3 by Bill Bliss, 1 by Jerry Batch), Trout (see above), Jam, Toast (burnt variety), Cocoa and Caviar. Digestion Club on the Rocks, with Rods in hand, so million mosquitoes trying to fight through the scent of Citronella, Flit Lotion and other insect repellents, and the quiet, soothing conversation of Jerry and Pete — and then a happy and spoofy time around the camp fire, with Skunk Scares and Wood noises punctuating the quiet glow of the hemlock flames.

About eleven o'clock, Bliss made his last wise-crack, and the Batches squirmed into sleeping positions closely resembling bowline knots. For five hours nothing happened, except an occasional outburst from the lungs of Bill Bliss. And then, dear reader, there fell from Heaven — at 4.38 A.M. a drop of water. At 4.39 E.T.P. was waked — at 4.40 the tent was pitched — leaving ample room to allow a clear passage of water to flow through — and at 4.45 we knew that the heavens intended to have a good cry. It came in cupfuls, then in buckets, and finally in Noahs. Our only hope was to pray, and the next hour found us huddled beneath the tent, wrapped in blankets, quietly praying to King Pluvius to spare our humble souls — or at least our skins.

Breakfast of eggs, bacon, coffee, cocoa & toast — with rain-soaked mush thrown in now & then — revived our hopes temporarily. The four boys then busied themselves for an hour tying knots with various ropes & pieces of string

that were not used to fasten the tent. E. D. R. spent the time rustling wood for the fire — wet hemlock, soaking birch, and even part of the worn-out roofing for the spring. The clouds hung down over the mountains like ten-gallon hats, and the woods at seven o'clock were darker than the tomb. Like a tribe of Arabs in a sandstorm we pulled our towels turban-fashion over heads & shoulders and ritually wrung them out every five minutes. Once in a while a daring camper dropped a soggy worm into the water — but the fish were scared lest they get drenched by the rain. Otherwise we just sat and sogged. The miraculous thing was this: Nobody kicked or cried or in any way showed signs of weakening under these perfectly ghastly circumstances — although E. T. P. had visions of digging a large grave and dumping in the limp, water-logged forms of four gallant campers.

Finally, at 11 o'clock, the flood let up — and after pouring some liquid Spam and bread down our gutter-pipes, we flowed into the boats and pushed off. After stopping at the Falls for a few doughnuts (Bliss - 3 - the rest one each) we loafed back to camp, via Oak Island (J. Balch hooked a Bass), arriving about 2.30. For the next 24 hours the Camp yard was adorned with our entire complement of wet blankets, shirts, towels & socks — and all hands felt proud to tell the story of cheerful suffering that we had endured from dawn 'til noon. A good fire, plus four such cheerful and uncomplaining souls, are all that is needed to stand such hardships. The writer will always remember this testing trip with the four B's.

E.T.P.

Friday, July 23rd.
Temp: 64.5
Bar: 29.70
Wind: N.N.W., warm and clear.

A watcher in the early dawn saw the first break-through of the North-West wind, and by the time the breakfast horn had blown the sky was almost clear of clouds, and a soft breeze was welcoming one of the loveliest days of the summer.

The morning passed quickly, chief among the projects being the setting to rights of the Camping equipment against the next adventure. A good swim was enjoyed, and nothing out-of-the-way occurred throughout the forenoon.

At three the Ouani, bearing most of the Campers, nosed out into a glassy pond for a run to the foot of Blueberry Hill. Remaining behind were a select fishing party, composed of L.E.P., Hall, and a poison-ivy-covered edition of Batch, S., also chief home-fire-keeper J.W.S.

The fisherfolk enjoyed a pleasant afternoon of rowing and erudite conversation, with nothing so commonplace as a fish to interrupt them. In fact there wasn't even a bite! However, the swimming was elegant, after their luckless travels.

The Blueberry Hillers returned with glowing reports of a most successful trip. The view of the Bigelow Range was perfect. The birch trees were at the perfect size for swinging. The blueberries, also raspberries, were abundant; and to complete the picture, two deer were seen by the vanguard of the climbers. Alogether it was a splendid trip, and we hope will be only the first of many such.

Swim for all hands, a short one, as they didn't get home until six; then supper, and a lovely boat evening completed the day.

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Saturday, July 24th
Temp: 64.5
Bar: 29.74
calm and sunny

We wish to extend our very best compliments to the Merryweather Carpenters, Inc. Magnificent is the multitude of their machinations! Every day some new improvement or much-needed repair meets our eyes during our perambulations. Among them are the new South Dormitory steps (the old ones were fast degenerating into a first-class man trap,) repairs to the Tutorium steps, repairs to the Annex door, which no longer threatens to brain its users, new boards in boardwalks, and new racks in Bachelors' Row for the hanging of bathing suits, etcetera. The latest project is a new set of steps for the Front Porch, which are already under way.

During swim the ancient and honorable game of "Sling the Soap-dish" was enjoyed. Various techniques were employed, the most nerve-wracking being that of E.T.P. who took a wrong turn, and went on swimming under water, straight for Fourway, till we thought he must have decided to become a fish.

There was a big navigation squad in the morning, followed up in the afternoon with "Marine Evolutions" Lineups as follows:

Worromontogus	Cobbosseecontee	Abagadassett
C.R. (Capt)	Bullard (Capt)	Bliss, W (Capt)
Cate	Batch, S.	Ticknor
Hall	Richards	Coolidge
Batch, T.	Boyden	Nash

Seth	Hecuba	Darius
E.T.P.	Abbot (Capt)	J.R.
	Bliss, E.	

The fleet put out from the main drydocks shortly after three, and having manoeuvered into position, set out in a Southerly

direction. The shore party lost sight of them, as they rounded the Point, but heard later that the flotilla landed at Merryweather Beach. The beach is reported as lovely as ever, and the birches in very superior swing condition. We hope for a picnic there in the near future. After a brief stay, the voyagers embarked once more, and passing the float in fine array, continued up as far as Fourway, before calling it a day, and returning for a swim. Reporters on the scene of action feel that much progress was made in the gentle art of paddling. However the impression that some young men have "that paddling is easier than rowing because you don't have to make any effort" still needs a bit of changing!

Campfire again tonight. We were rather nervous as sparks flew among the gathering, in a beautiful but not altogether comfortable manner. However, once the bones of the old Ouani slip (for it was they that made the sparks) had been consumed, a few trusty pine logs were thrown on, and the evening continued peacefully.

After several rounds, which went very well for the first try, Captain John told us a story which had been told to him by a guide in Newfoundland. He told us we could believe it or not as we liked, but that the man who told it to him had believed it implicitly. He then proceeded with the story itself, which had happened to the teller's grandfather - a tale of a little band of hunters, and a werewolf. Whether we believed it or not, we went home shuddering, to the last man!

Sunday, July 25th
Temp: 70
Bar: 29.80
Wind: light S.W.

Pancakes for breakfast - wow, what a starter! To make it even more perfect there was REAL Maple Syrup. We understand that this syrup is the direct descendant of the syrup that made Roman Noses famous throughout the civilized world. Certainly it was a harmonious combination.

The usual Sunday morning activities were pursued in a somewhat langorous manner, due to a rapidly rising thermometer. However, when time came for Sunday dinner, every one seemed to have worked up a pretty good appetite. We admit that letter-writing can sometimes be pretty strenuous.

Weights before swim disclosed most satisfactory results. Our budding fat man, wonder of wonders, seems to be Mr. Coolidge! He will have to work a long time though, before he has a bay window to exhibit!

The regular semi-weekly appointments were as follows:

Lamps: Bullard Weather: Hall Inspector: Boyden

Merryweather Light: Batch, S.

An afternoon of go-as-you-please meant everything from fishing to go-bang. The game-cupboard is certainly having a gay whirl these days! There was a certain amount of carpentry, immortalized in poetry upon the following page. Woe to any one who walked out of the Big Room with his nose in the air today! Plans had been laid for a picnic to parts near or far, according to the whim of the weather, which began to adopt a sourish aspect toward the middle of the afternoon. Near definitely won the day, the gang picnic-ing happily on the front porch, while a fine, promising williwaw fizzled miserably over the Pond.

The last sandwich having disappeared, and the last watermelon seed popped, the bretheren rested (?) a while before ascending the hill for a wild game of Prisoners' Base. At eight o'clock, thoroughly exhausted, all hands returned to the big room, for a bit of peace, while Captain John read aloud "A Touch of Nature".

Twinkle, twinkle, staircase rotten,
Did you think you were forgotten?
"You have lasted long enough,"
Says E.P. and does his stuff!

Twinkle, twinkle, little scales
You are telling lively tales,
All the brothers gaining weight
From Peter hash to Benny bate.

Monday, July 26th
Temp: 66.5
Bar: 29.68
Wind: light N.W, overcast.

Heavy showers last night tactfully ceased before there was any one afoot. A cheer went up from the would-be fishermen when they saw the wet ground, and a determined worm squad set forth, under the able guidance of the old maestro himself, C.Kimmer, Esq. They returned in time for the daily dunk, bearing two hundred of the most highly-pedigreed wrigglers from the happy hunting ground of Cookville-in-the-plain.

The editors of this journal hereby wish to thank the anonymous artist who created the following work of art, the portrait of a gentleman who figured prominently in last night's story.

Colin Hiccup Grant

Another event made this morning memorable. The bones of Mammoth Cave went up in flames, in a glorious pyre upon the Ball Field; a fitting end for one of the grand old landmarks of Merryweather.

In spite of the weather, which developed a stolid placidity early in the day, the powers that be decided that Scouting should rule the day. Accordingly the braves "sharpened their darts and strengthened their hearts", and departed for the battlefield. The boundaries this time were: North and South, the same as before, the West being the shore, and the East the summit of the Ridge.

Any breeze that there might have been had completely wilted by now, and the sun had come out with a vengeance. The hearability and the mosquitoes were therefor at their best. The first game moved somewhat slowly, five men reporting no business of any kind at the end. Nick Hall, however,proved the triumph of mind over matter by scoring the winning run, putting the Iroquois out in front.

The breeze now revived a little bit, which helped the situation. There were several early deaths in the second game, and Bill Bliss scored a run for the Gonks, thus winning what otherwise would have been a tie.

The third game started merrily enough, but ended on a sad note for the Iroquois. The watchers in the Bone Yard saw afar two birds, which might have been eagles, or buzzards hunting for their prey over the battlefields, but which were probably a pair of fish-hawks. Nevertheless they lent a melancholy touch as the ghosts of the Iroquois stalked sadly from the woods. When the dust cleared away there was but one brave left alive, while

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
E.T.P.		•			•			••	//
Bliss W.		•				/		••	//
Bullard		•			•			•	
Cate	X			X	•		X		
Nash	✓	✓	✓	X	•		X	•	
Richards	✓	✓	✓	X			X		
Tucknor		•		X					/
totals	1	4	0	4	4	1	3	7	5

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
C.R.	X				•		X	•	
Batch S.	✓	✓	✓	X	•		X	•	
Batch T.	X			X			X		
Bliss E.	X	•			•		X		
Boyden	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X		
Coolidge	X			X			X		
Hall			/	X			✓	✓	✓
Abbot	✓	✓	✓		•		X	•	
	4	1	1	4	4	0	7	3	0

Extracts from letters of J.W.S. from Little Merryweather, 1943.

July 8.

Here we are! J.R., C.P.R., L.E.P. and J.W.S., awaiting the Great Arrival. All is swept, if not garnished; boat-house a dream! A ladder is attached to the float so the boys can get up. The new float is good, but it floats much higher than the old one, and I think none but the very husky could get up.

July 10.

They are a dear lot of boys, and all but two passed the swimming test yesterday. Those two swim quite a bit and only need practice -- a week will see us with no non-swimmers, I think.

Yesterday the Ouanani' went out with John in command, and Elly took a 4-Paddler, just to give them a little water fun, and an idea of our Great Pond. They all have a good deal to learn, but it was a good start.

July 11.

Food is good!

Last evening we had a Camp-fire on the point -- a very good innovation with this little crowd. John told wonderful camping stories, with a bear in each one, then we sang, and made a good beginning in the learning of Camp Songs.

July 13.

It was awfully hot, but when the worms were turned over to the first suppers-out fishing party, the heat was entirely forgotten, as the boats came back with 65 fish! Mostly white perch, but there were a few bass and one big yellow perch. There was a very good cleaning

the Algonquins romped in with five runs.

There was Digestion Club at half-past-seven, gratefully received by the weary warriors. We read of John Paul Jones, and the heroic battle between the Ranger and the Drake - one of the great sea-fights of our history. After this quiet interlude we all felt sufficiently recovered to play a round of ye gentle game of Boston. Big moment of the evening: when Dick Coolidge was mistaken for Pete Nash. That's what the milk squad does for you!

Tuesday, July 27th
Temp: 66 Bar: 29.62
light S.W., clearing

A misty, moisty morning, but a truly great one. Such squading went on as has not been seen for many a year. All the lumber piled in the yard against the South, more lumber piled near the shop, and still more in other sites, was sorted removed, and either stowed in perfect order under the Shop, or consigned to the still-burning fire on the Ball-field. Special commendation goes to Bill Bliss for his under-shop activities. It was a great project, and the grounds look a great deal better, now that it has gone.

The afternoon looked a bit peaked, with showers grumbling around and a rainy-sunny disposition. However, a Pine Parlor Camping trip was organized, the following explorers participating:

C.R.
Coolidge
Hall
Nash
Richards

They waited until the skies took on a reasonably settled appearance, and then departed, trusting in J.W.S's tent, a really

good one, and not riddled with holes.

As for the remaining personnel, a select duet of bumblepuppies, Abbot and Bullard, scrabbled mysteriously in the Shop, while three ships, the Seth, Darius, and Arklet, set out under the guidance of E.T.P. to talk to the fish. Their conversations were lengthy but sparse. The wind by this time was straight from the South, and heavy. The boats anchored off the Point, and after a two-hour seance returned with a total of three bass, all caught by the Dariusmen. The largest fish record for the summer was bumped up a peg, as E.T.P. landed a pound-and-three-quarter whale. To Sandy Patch goes the distinction of having caught the summer's smallest fish!

In the evening several of our fishermen, rather put out at their lack of success, returned, via the shore route, to the Point for another try, but still to no avail. Captain John's "All In" brought all hands together for a half-hour of that wondrous game, "Foot and Mouth", before bed. It wasn't exactly foot and mouth, as we specialized in noses, eyes, and ears. Noses brought the most laughs, and ears the most groans. We all agreed that, seen through a hole, they look so odd anyway that they are practically impossible to identify.

Fishing statistics to date:

Total catch: 111 fish — today's catch 3 bass
Perch: 92
Bass: 18
Yellow perch: 1

Largest fish: E.T.P.: 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. bass.

Wednesday, July 28th
Temp: 70 Bar: 29.54
Wind: light N.W. sunny.

A super-pluperfect day. Our campers were slightly sprinkled during the night, but no more. They arrived shortly after swim this morning, having had an elegant time, of which we hope to hear more anon.

Morning squads were as usual, and the place really begins to shine with the results of many efforts. Among other things the Shop is being fitted to a new pair of suspenders. The good ships Chesuncook and Seth now have identification tags, and Darius's turn will come shortly.

As soon as reading was over the Five-by-fives and the Two-by-fours made for the North Pasture, where a desperate Skowhegan battle was soon in full swing. Five terrific encounters were fought, with the Five-by-fives squaring away for the winning wallop twice, and the Two-by-fours three times. The score-board became so complicated that the editors, not having been on the scene of battle, will have to leave it up to the gentle reader to interpret. Don't forget to turn the page!

Two-by-Fours

C.R.	✓			X	•		X	•	
Bliss W.		•		X	•		X		
Bullard		•		X			X		
Orlt	X			X	•		✓		
Hall	✓			X	☼		X	•	
Batch T.	X	☼		X	•		X	•	
Tickner	✓			X			X		
Totals	2	4	0	7	6	0	6	3	0

Five-by-Fives

E.T.	X			X	•		✓	•	1
Abbott	✓				•		•		
Bliss E.		•		X	•		X	☼	
Batch S.	✓			X	•		X		
Boyden		☼		•	•	/	X	•	
Cobb	X			X					/
Nash	X			X	•	\	✓		
Pillsbury	X			X	•		✓	•	
	4	2	0	6	7	1	3	6	

Due to having had Charades last week on Tuesday evening, there was some speculation on the part of the younger men as to whether or whethern't there would be charades tonight. Captain John allayed their anxieties, however, when he banged on his water-glass and ordered his team to the boat-house on the double.

J.Richards & Co. made their presentation first, a simple word, but well concealed under a truly Cecil B. DeMille production. The first curtain was drawn on a monastery breakfast-table, where the good Abbott,J.R., and his ascetic followers were discovered at their frugal but seemingly well-relished meal of pebbles and water. A trying moment was had by all when brothers Paul and Ambrose were discovered serruptitiously scratching the itches caused by their hair shirts. This of course would be bad manners at any well-run monastery table, and the Abbott summarily ordered them each to administer no less than ten lashes, each to the other, in sight of all.

The second scene was a snappy condensation of "Bluebeard", Linc Boyden making a charming flowerlet of a Fatima, as she tremblingly relinquished the bloodstained KEY to her ferocious lord and master.

The third scene, depicting the whole word, was one of adventure in the African jungles, where an eminent ethnologist and linguist, accompanied by his faithful secretary, endeavoured to record the vocabulary of the Simian tribes. They were interrupted in a most startling manner by W.Bliss, gorilla extraordinary, whose language was definitely untranslatable. After a good think, and a better laugh, the audience decided on MONKEY as the solution, which proved to be correct.

The Putnam Players Inc. next trod the boards, giving a trio of scenes: the first being the first syllable, the second, the next two, and the third, the whole word.

First Dr. I.Q. asked searching and difficult questions of the audiencw, which were answered by various precocious youths in the first row, the second row, the third row, etc. Each was handsomely rewarded with a number of silver dollars (remarkable how they looked like butter chips!).

Next came another Monastery scene. Led by Abbott Putnam in a maroon cassock, which L.E.P. unkindly suspected of being his bathrobe turned round backwards, a host of similarly-clad acolytes entered, chanting a Latin prayer. To the trained ear the verses burgeoned with subtle meanings, which unfortunately have been forbidden to appear in the present text, but even the student of Amurrican only could recognize the word "Deo" with which each well-rounded phrase was ended.

The final scene was a magnificent give-away, as the broncs , or rather the untiring bronc, singular, threw rider after rider, as the crowd yelled encouragement and applause in a most realistic manner.

The Kimmer-Putnam combine now presented the last but not least of the words. The arrangement of scenes and syllables was the same as that of the foregoing charade, but the action was far different. First we have a scene in Olde Britain, where King Canute tries magnificently to stem the tide, while the learned soothsayer protests that he'd better stop before he gets his feet wet, because that is one thing he just <u>can't</u> do. Principal roles were played by C.K., the King, and Batch, T., the sooth-

sayer.

Next J.Richards, as the sweet young thing, maintained the high standard of acting he set last time as a game-bird. Having received the fond good-nights of his parents, he, or rather she, bounced from the bed where she had been so coyly reclining, and, flinging open the window, departed in the arms of the waiting boy-friend (Batch, T. once more). The curtains were drawn amid howls of glee from the entire audience. Answer: Elope.

The last scene was a dinner-table one, where Peter Bullard, a perfect butler, brought in without a smile, the crowning glory of the family Victory Garden for the delectation of their distinguished.guests. The hostess proclaimed it as the best of the melon crop, though it looked remarkably like a small potato, and the guests declared themselves more than pleased with the flavor. We like Cantaloupe too!

Thus ended the third Charade evening. There has been no let-down in the choice of words or acting since our grand first night. The costumes have improved, also the speed of scene-shifting. If we could have five more evenings in stead of only two, we'd all be whizzes.

Mush Hollow

It was a surprise to us all when we were told that there was to be a camping trip for a Groton and Cambridge combination. At last the longed-for moment had arrived. But our spirits were somewhat dampened during rest by a tropical downpour. But the gods were good to us and our nightmares turned into dreams.

The line-up consisted of Jack Richards, Peter Nash Dick Coolidge and last but not least that great outdoorsman Nick Hall. The latter swore that he would be off by three o'clock but unfortunately the necessity of collecting goods to keep us alive as well as a threatening storm checked our eager spirits till four.

At last, loaded like pack mules, we hit the trail leading to adventure. It seemed as if we had walked for miles, when with much muttering and slipping of packs, we made a halt. We had seen this beautiful spot before and without hesitation made ourselves right at home. The other campers were very skeptical about this writer's capability in setting up our tent but with much hauling and hoisting, it [redacted] reared up into shape.

The first thing Peter Nash did was to inaugurate a noble piece to the office of "miz". At about ten o'clock he was in a nervous state about this [redacted] which, when dawn came was found in the "miz", the only thing up there.

Dick Coolidge, particularly, enjoyed the water, having various torpedoes and submarines lined up on the shore. Every now and then he would disappear and return after half an hour with stories of captured warships. His love of the water payed great dividends though, as he did most of the washing after our sumptuous feasts.

Supper took about an hour and a half [redacted] to prepare on account of the lack of kitchen helpers for the chef. The menu consisted of milk, a great luxury, and fried potatoes wit spam.

After our repast we sung a beautiful rendition of "John Brown's body". Any human being or beast would have had quite a surprise to come upon us emitting strange grunts and then suddenly bursting into wild song.

Even though there had been wild tales of how a couple of our brave outdoorsman were not inclined to hit the pine needles before midnight, all hands found themselves very sleepy by 8:30 and by 9:00 we were safely (or so we hoped) rolled into our blankets. A nerve-wracking GHOST story was whispered forth which scared the valiant Peter out of a years growth. Dick however decided that it was not scary enough and he decided that he must seek some more frightening adventure up and out he leapt and immediately in he leapt again with screams and shrieks. By carefully subduing him, we gathered that he

had run headlong into a "b'ar". Poor Nick shook and decided that bed was the best place for him but Jack was very brave and I'd not move a hair because his well-known snores were already shaking the lofty pines to their very roots.

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

At five o'clock, the last slumberer awoke with a jump and a grunt and we arose. At last the moment has arrived when the reader may be let in on the secret of the camp's name. At seven o'clock we ate our first mush and at eleven we had a second breakfast of mush. Even though it was very soupy, it tended to keep us going and we also tried various mixtures of mush and cocoa and mush and salt to give us strength to reach civilization again.

Packing was definitely a chore because we seemed to have so much equipment with us. But everybody put their backs into the job and we strode back to Merryweather feeling like old hands. We had a wonderful time and a wonderful place to camp and we all wanted to stay there much longer. But unfortunately circumstances forbade and when we left we had our next trip all planned out.

Thursday, July 29th
Temp: 64 Bar: 29.60
Wind: very light N.E.
Overcast.

Much to our sorrow (but not that of the farmers) the beautiful North-West weather has retired temporarily in favor of an Easterly breeze, and the distant sound of train-whistles warns us of a rainy spell to come. Any wild and wonderful schemes that may have been cooking in the brains of the powers that be were postponed until a more auspicious day, and home activities, chiefly burning, were in order.

The only extra-territorial trip was that made by J.W.S. and L.E.P. to the Metropolis of Waterville. It was an expensive expedition, but a worthwhile one, for we came back reassured that no one will have to go to jail for overstepping the meat ration; in fact it was discovered that the meat ration hadn't been stepped over! Hurrah for us!

The afternoon glowered a little less glumly than the morning, so the gates of the ball-park were thrown over, the managers got the rain-checks ready in case of a deluge, and the crowds gathered to witness the third ball-game of the season.

The opposing teams were those distinguished fish, the Salmon and the Trout. E.T.P. and C.R. did their usual double-trouble act, and the score-keeper was none other than Captain John.

No time was wasted, as the Salmon got the first jump, via T. Batch's single. Batch S. also singled in the first, and eventually made the home plate, but otherwise the Trouts went scoreless to a watery grave. Bill Bliss scored a double jump in the seventh, pushing Batch T. and Abbot up the Falls, in a magnificent flurry of spray. This ended the swimming match, to all intents and purposes. The jumping was too high for the Trouts, though they

Salem vs. Trouts of at 19

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
		1	Bullard	4	1	E6	1-3		1-3								6		1		
		2	Ball	5		K		K	K								5	2	1		
		3	Gilbert	6	K	1-3		3		1-4	E4						5	1	1		
		4	Blis, W.	3													5	1	4		
		5	Coolidge	7	K		K	K		K	K						5				
		6	Gale	8			1-3		1-3	K	E2						5		1		
		7	C R	2																	
		8	E. T. P	1																	
		9																			
		10																			
		11																			
		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	3/4	/	/	/	/	/		4	8		

Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
					1-b. on errors.					

Missed gr'd'rs.	Mnffed thrn.b.	Mnffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
					Batt'y errors.					

Umpire..... of..... Scorer.....

Trouts vs. Salem of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	St b
			1	Baird S	6			3		E6		E-						4	1	1		
			2	Bliss E.	5	4-3		4-3		K								4		1		
			3	Bowden	4	1-3		1-3		1-3		4-3						4				
			4	Tilden	3	4-3			E-4		K							3				
			5	Hall	7		4-3		1-3 E.C.		1-3							3				
			6	Richards	8		1-3		K		K							3				
			7	Nash	9		3			K		3						3				
			8	C. R.	2																	
			9	E T P	1																	
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	/	/	/	/	/		1	2		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	T ba
						1-b. on errors.					

Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Mnffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	P co
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire..... of..... Scorer.....

fought gamely to the finish.

As a matter of fact, the finish came just in time to save all our finny friends from being drowned, as the skies opened and let down a minor deluge not five minutes after the battle was over. This didn't prevent a leap into the pond, however. (Surprising how much drier pond water is than rain-water!)

The rain stopped while we were having supper, so that the watermelon eaters could go out and spit their seeds over the landscape in peace. Then, while the dishwashers did their stuff, a group of bumblepuppies, led by E.T.P., bumbled around on the ball field. The call for "All In" came at eight, when everbody assembled for a game of observation. There were about twenty-five observable objects, collected from all walks of life, as it were. The results which the observers obtained in two peeks apiece, were interesting. We will preserve a few for the benefit of possible future comparisons.

Peek no. 1 - 10 seconds

C.R. - - - -	10
Bliss, W.- -	10
Batch. S.- -	9
Batch. T.- -	9
Hall - - - -	9
Abbot- - - -	8

Peek no. 2 - 30 seconds

Abbot - - -	21
C.R. - - -	20
Hall - - -	19
Cate - - -	18
Batch. T. -	17
Boyden - -	17

Friday, July 30th
Temp: 62 Bar: 29.48
Wind: N.E., rain.

The train whistles of yesterday did not fail in their forewarning. We awoke to a steady though not violent rain. It fills with woe as far as our own affairs are concerned, but we gather from the papers that it comes just in time to spare the farmers a serious drought - so who are we to crab?

The costumery that greeted the day was truly varied and colorful. Every one seemed pretty well waterproofed except the Putnam tribe, E.T.P. and L.E.P. being able to boast only one pair of rubber boots between them, and those were found in the boathouse!

The editors feel that this picture is a masterpiece, and worthy of a place of honor. It not only is a superb composition, but it expresses the feelings of more than one of our number after the various adventures with unhappy endings that have befallen some of our rasher Campers in their dealings with these moody insects.

Big Bill Bliss Sights a bee !!

It is not only the farmers who revel in the rain. The bonfire boys were at it again, morning and afternoon. Pretty soon they'll come to the end of the rubbish, and what will they start on then?

An afternoon of go-as-you-please meant mostly carpentry projects, though "Dover Patrol", the never-ending bonfire, and general diddling all had their place. E.T.P., with the help of much good advice from various sources, put a new thwart and seat in the Hecuba, an attention which quite rejuvenates that lady. In order to have the privilege of a late afternoon swim the would-be-swimmers were required to first run to Fourway. There was such a look of horror on some faces that you would have thought they had been ordered to run a full-fledged Marathon. However, at the witching hour of five C.R. mustered a group of valiant ones, and it was surprising to see the numbers of erstwhile groaners among them, also to see how fast they returned from their travels to claim the coveted reward.

A new game again this evening. The ladies feel mildly proud of the assortment that has been produced to date. This time it was "Spin the Platter" with Tongs, Rolling-Pin, Kettle, Broom, saucepan, and all the old friends. Highlights among the forfeit-redeemers were Ben Cate singing the Marine Hymn, ditto doing a Spanish dance, Pete Nash giving a soap-box oration in praise of Pete Nash, and C.R. eating a cracker and whistling "Yankee Doodle," Not to mention Ned Bliss's somewhat interrupted though tuneful rendition of what, for want of a better title we shall crassly have to call "The Bedbugs' Ball Game." This ended a hilarious evening, and what made it even better was the far-off but definite sign of clearing weather.

Saturday, July 31st
Temp: 62½ Bar: 29.62
Wind W.N.W. clear

Our best North West weather greeted us this morning; blue sky and a faintly ruffled pond - too good a day to stay at home on, by far. Accordingly there was much racing and chasing, the squads were cut to the bare and hasty essentials, and the commisary department did a right-about-face. Then the following people did the following things:

Expedition to Philip Mountain

<u>Ouananiche</u>

J.R.
Abbot
Batchelder, S.
Batchelder, T.
Bliss, W.
Nash
Payson
Ticknor
Hall
Richards
C.R.

<u>Abagadassett</u>

E.T.P.
Bliss, E.
Bullard
Boyden

<u>Home Fire Keepers</u>

J.W.S.
L.E.P.
Eliot
Betsy

The voyagers set forth at a brisk ten o'clock. Having bid them a fond farewell, the home guard turned to the peaceful occupation of painting. The North corner of the Memorial was turned into a paint shop, and a peaceful hour was passed rejuvenating a parlor table, etc. Shortly before noon the painters looked up to see approaching Waac-y So (Sewcate), in search of son Benjamin. Having been assured that said gentleman would be home by five, but probably not before, she was prevailed upon to remain, and the most agreeable threesome lunch-party that ensued was quite a surprising contrast to the usual dinner-hour gang.

Shortly after lunch the distant growls of thunder began to cause some slight anxiety for the comfort of our wandering friends. Long before the storm became threatening, though, the Ouani and the

Abagadassett were sighted moving serenely down the pond.

The trip sounded excellent. There was no hurry either coming or going, in spite of the fears of the home guard. The voyagers ate their sandwiches at the foot of the hill, and then climbed to the top in plenty of time for a good rest (for the day waxed somewhat warm) and an extensive exploration of the other side. The spring was located, and various thirsts were quenched, though some thought they were just as hot when they had clambered back from it as they were before. The state of the path, an experienced observer comments, would indicate that few if any climbers had been there either this summer or last. It will be a long time, however, before the path up our dear Philip Mountain is so overgrown that the Merryweatherites will give up climbing it.

The travellers had a swim, which started to be just a dunk, but became quite a respectable affair as it became obvious that our thunderstorm was just another false alarm.

Campfire again tonight. We wish the wind would have the grace to move around to the North just once, from eight to nine on Saturday evening. However we'd better not complain; smoke in the face may not be the pleasantest thing in the world, but it's a lot better than a horde of mosquitoes. This time there was a slight deviation from the regular program, as L.E.P. narrated some experiences of a tropical camping trip, quite different from the trips we have been used to seeing and hearing about. After that we had "London Cries", "The voice of the Bell", and "Call John the Boatman", ending with a grand singing of "John Brown's Body".

Sunday, August 1st
Temp:66, Bar: 29.66
Wind: light S.

Before we commence the chronicle of the day's events, may we, the humble and somewhat dull editors, extend our most abject apologies and heartiest welcome to Bill Payson, who has returned to the roost. He arrived Friday afternoon, preceded by a telegram which was loudly cheered by all who read it. Such has been the swiftness with which time has passed since then that the error was committed in a most unintentional manner!

We awoke this morning to find that Mrs. Cate had already departed, slipping out about six, when one or two early risers happened to hear the car starting. By the time we answered the Wake Up call she was well on her way back to Fort Williams, Portland, where she is instructing.

The morning passed as usual with Sunday mornings, except that several shells ventured out upon the glassy waters of the Pond without mishap. Also Swim was a gala party, everybody taking a leap, jump ,or flop off the new DIVING BOARD, which E.T.P. and Co. have erected. It is a huge success!

The noonday feast lasted longer than usual, so reading started rather late, and ended rather late. Go-as-you-please was greeted with enthusiasm by the baby-dustpan contingent, who dashed for the Shop to work on their tiny ships. This year there is none of the beautiful,wide, clear pine board which Skipper used to buy for the express purpose of boat building. However a few of the more rabid boat-builders, nothing daunted, started to work on what there was, and already several small replicas of the standard Dustpan or Skimming Dish have made their shakedown cruises.

There was also a small but skilful fishing party, which returned shortly before picnic time with a tasty little catch. Here follow the records of crews and fish:

Darius	Seth
J.R.	Ticknor
Batch, T	Boyden
Payson	
2 perch	1 perch

Two other little fishes came ashore, but alas, they may not be added to the grand totals. Instead they will have to be separately commemorated:

A Warning to Fishermen

Oh, Sportsmen, of dinner in search,
Don't mistake little bass for large perch!
If caught by the Warden, HE'd say you were hoardin',
And you would be left in the lurch!

At five o'clock the Merryweather cohorts fell into line and marched to Merryweather Beach. The Commissary Department, having elected to travel by sea, found them already disporting themselves among the breakers. The waters were warm, and the sand was soft beneath the toes, and the swim was of a goodly length. Supper was eaten in the little grove of birches. The addition of cookies, cantaloupe melons (another gift from the Yellow House) and candy, made it a real party. Afterwards there were several games of Mumbledypeg, called off when the jack-knives began to fly about in rather a menacing manner, and then some first-class birch bending. The high-low competition was won by Cate and Nash, the former picking a tree nearly six inches at the

butt, which refused to bow to his violent blandishments, and the latter selecting a sapling that flopped before he had fairly taken his feet off the ground.

When we arrived at Camp again there was a monkey in sight, or so J.W.S. said. It was a good while before any one would believe her though. After the first monkey had finally been ferreted out E.T.P. hid one which only three people had found before half-past-eight, the remainder surrendering on account of eyestrain contracted during an unsuccessful search.

Fishing totals to date:

total catch: 114 fish

Perch: 95
Bass: 18
Yellow
perch 1

largest fish: 1¼ lb Bass

Dear, dear! Another near-omission. What is happening to the editorial memory?

Semi-weekly appointments.

Inspector: Bliss, W. Lamps: Batch, T. Weather: Ticknor

Merryweather Light: Abbot

Monday, August 2nd
Temp: 68, Bar: 29.63
Wind: S.W. muggy.

A really hot day - hot that is for the spoiled babies of Merryweather. What we are going to do when we return to our respective homes and run into some real heat is a terrible question indeed. The wind rose steadily until it was blowing quite hard in the middle of the afternoon, but even then the mugginess refused to depart.

The big squad news was a systematic dead branch removal from the trees and the ground beneath the trees which surround the Shop.

We are delighted to find the twinkle machine in action again. Certainly twinkles are the theme-song of the summer!

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bill,
Though your sister has been ill,
You avoid bolt cough and whoop
To rejoin our merry hoop.

Twinkle, twinkle, valiant Benny,
Of fat pounds you haven't many;
Not enough to bend a birch
Though you reached a sky-high perch.

Twinkle, twinkle, Peter Nash,
Zounds! and Zooks! you make a splash!
When you dive, the billows quite
Drench the merryweather light!

There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and somehow between the literary department and the editorial staff the finishing of the White Company never was reported. When we finally caught up with J.W.S. she was charging merrily toward the half-way mark in "The Story of Francis Cludde" by Stanley Weyman, another time-honored favorite.

The big news of the day was, of course, the Third Scouting afternoon. It was pretty hot, but the breeze made good camouflage for the rustles of creeping braves, and the action was fast and furious. The Algonquins got away with the first game with two runs to one, though their captain met an untimely end very early in the battle. This, however was as far as they went along the road to victory. The Iroquois rose in their wrath and smote them six runs to one in the second encounter. There was terrific tension in the Bone yard as up until four minutes before the end of the game there were but two corpses representing each side. A circling plane overhead somewhat distracted the watchers in the closing minutes. Planes and flies have a lot in common at times.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
Bliss, W.	X		|	✓	✓	✓		•	
Tichnor	X			X			X		
Bullard		•••		✓	✓	|	X	•	
Cate	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X		‖
Nash	✓	✓	✓		•			•	
Richards	✓	✓	✓	X			X	✓	✓
E. T. P.	X	••		✓	✓	✓	X	•	
Payson	X		|	X	•		X		
totals	4	5	2	3	2	1	6	4	2

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
C. R.	X					‖	✓	✓	✓
Batch S.	✓	✓	✓	X			X	•	|
Batch T.	X		|	X	•		X	•	|
Bliss E	✓	✓	✓		•	‖	X		
Boyden	✓	✓	✓			‖		•	
Coolidge	X	•		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hall	X				•		X	••	
Abbot	X	•••		✓	✓	✓		•	
totals	5	4	1	2	3	6	4	6	2

The final encounter came as near to being a draw as any we have seen. The Batches each pulled down a run for the Iroquois, but Lone Wolf Cate managed to cancel them out with two to his credit. The Iroquois, however, came out better on shots, collecting six to the Gonks' four. Thus the Iroquois carried the day, and made the total score of games to date for the season: Algonquins: six games, Iroquois: three. A big push might tie it up next time.

While the braves were still skulking in the bushes the Anderson buzz-wagon arrived, bringing Henry H. Richards and Julia C. Richards to spend a couple of nights, to our delight. Guests are all too few and far between these days of awkward travel, yet we can't help greedily hoping that "they'll manage it somehow."

The wind obligingly sagged off to a mere whisper, and the weary warriors were grateful for a peaceful boat evening. There were several fishing parties, with several sorts of luck, all the way from " only a couple of bites" to "sighted bass, captured same". The entire catch amounted to four perch and two bass, a pleasant evening's entertainment. The fishing totals were just compiled yesterday, but there's nothing like keeping up with the Joneses, so here we go again:

total catch to date: 120 fish

Perch: 99	Tonight's catch
Bass: 20	
Yellow Perch: 1	Perch: 4
	Bass: 2

Tuesday, August 3rd
Temp: 74 Bar: 29.62
Wind: South

Persons passing by the House of Put this morning were doubtless surprised at the sad state of the Gloucester Hammock which has rocked the infant Puts during the month of July. The story of its demise is a sad one. Last evening, Master Eliot being wakeful, his fond pappa took him out to the hammock to cool off. Mamma, hearing them, also came out, and for a few minutes one might have observed a scene of sweet family life - but not for long. Two's company, three's definitely a crowd as far as elderly hammocks are concerned. With a dismal sound of rending canvas our aged friend gave up the ghost, and neatly deposited the familia Putnamia upon the greensward. Alas and alack - it looks like more food for the bonfire!

The morning was a muggy one, with occasional spatters of rain, so that no extensive travels were projected. The afternoon looked a trifle better, however, and trusting that the variable wind hadn't blown all the fishes away, several crews set out for the Grand Banks.

Arklet	Erebus	Seth
E.T.P.	C.R.	Abbot
Coolidge	Batch, S.	Batchelder, T.
Hall	Bliss, E.	Richards

Darius	Shawnee	Horse Point
Bliss, W.	Bullard	Nash
Boyden	Payson	Ticknor
Cate		

The wind, however, or some other fractious element, had removed the fish, or most of them. Various places were tried, but the

luck was uniformly poor. The total catch amounted to six perch, one bass, and the first hornpout of the season.

As the last boat was coming in to the float, Captain John and C.R., who were there to greet it, happened to look in the direction of Fourway, in time to see a deer swimming toward shore just beyond the first point of land. C.R. and assorted followers tore to the spot in time to see the animal landing, not thirty feet away. When he saw them, however, he thought better of his rash trespassing, and took to the water once more, heading out into the pond, in the general direction of Chute, and soon becoming a dwindling speck upon the water.

One other out-of-the-ordinary event embellished the afternoon. The Horse-Point contingent elected not to attempt to catch the elusive bass or perch, but instead to snare the even more elusive salamander, which they did with great success. There was quite a menagerie on the Paizza, much to the delight of Putville Jr., including a salamander, a lizard, a lovely snail, and a couple of pint-size frogs. Later the largest salamander we have ever seen was also captured, a lovely black and yellow being with a head as large as a toad's. The humane zoologists, after observing the antics of their catch for a while, let them go again; we say this for benefit of both the S.P.C.A., and any possible Campers who might NOT particularly love that particular sort of pet!

Once again Charade night was pushed ahead, this time in honor of our distinguished guests. They have both been at many past charade evenings, and, when this was over, pronounced it quite up to the best Merryweather standard.

Putnam, Kimmer & Co. were the first performers. Their word was

arranged in somewhat unorthodox style. It was Antidote. The first scene included all three syllables, the first two acted as one, while the second and last scene depicted the word itself.
In the first scene we beheld a group of boys outside a house door, knocking to see if another playmate would join them. The other playmate did eventually come out, after his Auntie had given the boys a lecture on being gentle to her darling nephew. Darling Egbert (C.R.) proved to be anything but gentle, snatching all the cookies, and breaking another boy's jack knife. In spite of the protests of the group Auntie continues to dote, and sends them all away because they have upset her Eggie.

The next act revealed Eggie, at Death's door as the result of eating all the cookies. Auntie telephones to Dr. Curem Killem, who shortly appears (Pete Bullard) and in a most professional manner, administers the antidote, which not only cures the tummy-ache, but also turns the brat into a"perfectly regular guy".

Next came the Richardsmen, with a two-syllable teaser. First we saw a gaffer of some eighty winters, remarkably well-preserved, except for a slight difficulty in hearing - or anyway he thought it was slight!

Next came a stern scene, in which Bill Bliss, as General Eisenhower, received the exhausted Desert Fox (Abbot) and also Goering (Nash) and forced them,unwilling though they were, to sign the terms of surrender: unconditional surrender, and the eventual capture of Corporal Hitler.

The final act was most dramatic. Tables, tastefully arranged, made a splendid bridge, whereon the brave Horatius (Peter Nash again) and his fellow warriors fought magnificently, avoiding with incredible skill the large lamp which hung directly over their heads. Horatius' plunge into the yellow Tiber, as the bridge

gave way behind him, was an aquatic feat of no mean proportions. Thus was Defend enacted in a most lively manner.

E.T.P. put on the last but not the least act of the evening. Before the curtains parted we heard the blast of a merry horn, and then was revealed to us a hunting scene which looked like a direct importation from The Old Country. Batch, S., clad in a maroon bathrobe, made a wonderful fox, and E.T.P.'s leap, complete with hobby-horse, over a five-barred gate, gave the whole a spirited touch. The syllable, you see, is FOX.

Next we found ourselves at a Fair, in one of the side-show booths, where gentlemen, three tries for a nickel, shied pine-cones at the nigger in the hole. He was a most fearsomely black nigger, and we understand that the stove will have to go without polish for a while! HOLE is the word this time.

The whole word "FOXHOLE" was another warlike masterpiece, almost too realistic for comfort, as the little yellow men came shrieking and jibbering to their bloody destruction. The Yanks didn't rest till not a wiggle was left among their enemies. Altogether, it was a wild and wonderful ending to an evening of mighty entertainment.

Fishing Statistics

Total catch to date: 128 fish

perch: 105
bass: 21
yellow perch: 1
hornpout: 1

today's catch: 8 fish

perch: 6
bass: 1
hornpout: 1

Wednesday, August 4th
Temp:64, Bar:29.61
Wind:N.E. rain.

Weather man please not slight correction in direction of wind. We don't happen to feel the North East Wind in our happy little nest because it goes shooting out over our heads, thanks to our sheltering hill, but it's there, alle samee!

A dreary morning indeed! Soggy just isn't in it with this weather. We bid a damp farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Richards, who almost didn't go, thanks to a slight oversight on the part of the Anderson Taxi Co. However they finally did get off, and as we have not heard from them since we hope and trust that they caught their train.

We then turned our attention to squads once more. The bonfire was going full blast again, and there was a stupendous cleaning and rejuvenating of the Boathouse, which hasn't had so much attention for years. The Shop was a popular place both morning and afternoon, as various persons worked upon various projects. Sandy Batch has just completed a very handsome model of a battleship (as a matter of fact we believe it is a destroyer), several small skimming-dishes are in various stages of progress, and E.T.P. is putting the finishing touches on a beautiful dump-cart, complete even to rubber tires, for son Eliot.

J.W.S. did yeoman service in the afternoon, reading to the company-at-large until quarter-past-three instead of the usual two-thirty. A game of soccer was planned, but even that failed, due to the deluge. Instead there was Ping-Pong in St. Peter's, more carpentry, and later a run to the landslide, followed by a dip. Captain John gets the Palm for bravery, having rowed in the trusty Seth all the way to Chute and back, to observe possible camp

sites. He took along a rod, with well-weighted spinner, hoping to catch a basso profundo by the deep trolling method. Instead he came home with two perch - not what he wanted, but really rather a surprising catch for deep trolling.

After supper there was need of action to work off accumulated steam. Consequently, while Captain John and E.E.P. did a heated corn-popping duet, every one else joined in the voice game, producing a multiplicity of unimaginable sounds. There was then time out for popcorn eating, a molassesy and agreeable interlude. As a finale E.T.P. introduced the gentle game of Hunt the Slipper, and there were many who would have done well to stow a cushion in the seat of the pants.

Alas for the animals in the Ark! Not long after they had all retired, a damp and depressed would-be-slumberer appeared in the big room, to report that the roof was in a somewhat unsound condition. A little shifting of the bed sufficed for the time being, but let us hope there will be no more rain until a bit of patching has been accomplished by our valiant though somewhat swamped repair crew.

Fish to Date

perch:	108
bass:	21
yellow perch:	1
hornpout:	1

Thursday, August 5th
Bar: 29.5 Temp: 61
Wind: N.W. clearing

For a while this morning the skies still looked very weepy, but they cheered up along toward mid-morning, and the rest of the day was all one could ask.

The morning was per usual, outstanding among the projects being the putting of the finishing touches to the Boathouse, which certainly is a different-looking place from formerly, and the launching by Captain John of a bushwhacking squad in the North Woods. There was much activity in the Shop, of one sort or another, and it begins to look as if there would be quite a fleet of baby dustpans, if there is time to finish what has been so enthusiastically started.

There was much speculation as to what the afternoon activity would be, as there are still several major events to be pulled off, and a sadly limited number of days in which to do them. When Captain John appeared at the end of reading and announced that there would be Scouting there was universal joy. With whoops and shrieks of bloodcurdling glee the braves rushed to their wigwams to apply the finishing touches to their war-paint, and great was the sound of the whetting of tomahawks. The battlefield today was the East side of the Ridge, where wind was less and sun was more, and mosquitoes were most of all.

The Iroquois started from the South End, the Gonks from the North. There was a rush of galloping feet past the watchers in the Bone Yard, but then ensued a bewildering and suspicious silence. "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note" for ages and ages, or so it seemed. There was but one ghost per tribe to

grace the burial ground when the Skipper's watch stood at the half-way mark. However, when the battle was over it appeared that a moderate amount of destruction had been wrought, in spite of the hearability which made moving difficult and dangerous. The Gonks reported five scalps bagged, to three for the opposition, thus putting themselves firmly in the driver's seat.

The second game looked like a walk-over for the Algonquin tribe, as four Iroquois corpses in quick succession made their way to the Happy Hunting Ground. This battle, like the last, nevertheless came out with the Gonks just two shots ahead, with no runs scored for either side.

The third chukker started, and ended, like the others, with no runs, the Gonks squeaking their victory out with a difference of just one shot this time. The action in this last battle was particularly thrilling, though, when E.T.P. came slithering up into the Bone Yard, nailed his victim with a single deadly dart, and vanished silently before we fully realized what had been going on. Our friends the Kennebec Kavalry Korps. did their usual afternoon stint, our no less familiar friend, the Yellow Airplane, zoomed in the distance, the sun poured down upon the sweetfern, and Death in the Afternoon came swiftly and inexorably to the valiant Iroquois. This being probably the last afternoon of Scouting, puts the Gonks in the lead with six games more than their enemies, but statistics don't tell everything, and the war has been long, and the ultimate result hard enough to attain to satisfy even the grimmest warrior.

Algonquins

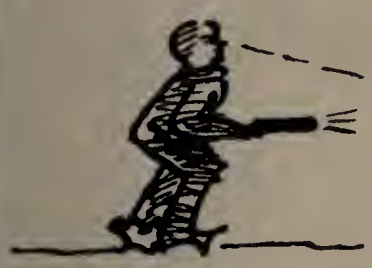
	I			II			III		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
E. T. P.	X	•••		X	•			••	
Bliss W.	X	••		X	•		X	••	
Tickner	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		•	
Bullard	✓	✓	✓	X			X		
Cate	X				••		X		
Nash	✓	✓	✓	X	•		✓	✓	✓
Richards	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Payson	✓	✓	✓		•		X		
Totals	3	5		4	6		4	5	
•				?					

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
C. R.	X			X			X		
Batch S.		•			•			••	
Batch T.	X			X	•		X		✓
Bliss E.	X	•		X	••		X	••	
Boyden	✓	✓	✓	X			X		
Coolidge		•		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hall	X			X			X		
Abbot	X			X			✓	✓	✓
Totals	5	3		6	4		5	4	
				?					

In the evening there were Boats, likewise fishermen. Five unwise perch met their ends before half-past-eight, and a sixth joined them in the ice-box not much later, bringing the total to the beautiful figure of 111. May it not remain there.

~ Mid-Week Appointments ~



Payson

Bliss E.

Batch T.

Batch S.

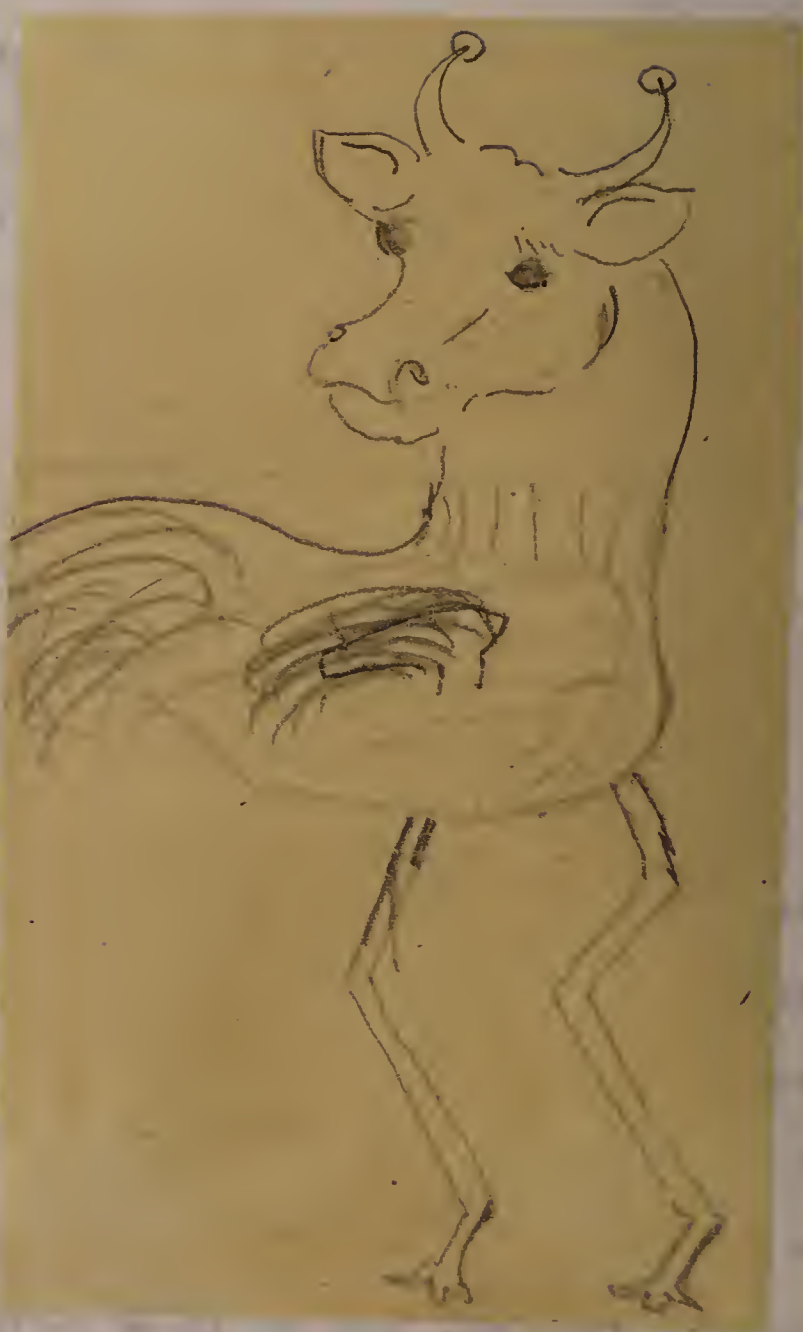
Friday, August 6th
Temp: 66 Bar: 29.58
Wind: S.E. clear.

The weather did a couple of telemark turns this morning that had the fans in a tizzy of "Will they, Won't they?" all the forenoon, as everybody was expecting that a camping trip would be sent off. Squads went on, however, with the wind veering round to the West, and rain-clouds piling up in a most inconsistent manner. Swim was a brief affair, as by this time there was half a gale blowing, and by dinner time there was a full North West wind whooping down the pond, cutting through the clouds like a knife through cheese.

It was much too heavy a blow for any boat, however hardy, to venture out in. Nevertheless our campers did get off, taking the shore route to an unknown destination to the Northward. The adventurers were as follows:

Abbot
Bliss, E.
Boyden
Cate
Payson
Ticknor
E.T.P.
Shank's Mare.

They departed in peace from a practically empty camp, as the "stay-at-homes" had already left on a gormandizing expedition to Charlie Anderson's, whence they returned somewhat heavier but no less lively, for a late afternoon swim. There were those, too, who remained to slave and scrape, and even shed their gore in the magnificent cause of shipbuilding. Thus the afternoon was speedily used up, and we found ourselves galloping to get to supper before the first groan.



For the first time since Camp opened this summer the evening was devoted to "Quiet Games", a name which would seem odd to the uninitiated, as the shrieks and howls of mirth mounted to a new high. First we had "Drawing Consequences", the curious results of which are displayed below. These two fine examples of Communistic art were among many - the others were not preserved for posterity due solely to lack of space - no slight to the distinguished and talented artists.

A companion game was "Writing Consequences". This also raised the roof, and we shall print two consequences from the very fine selection which J.W.S. read aloud to the authors.

George Washington met Mussolini under the Float. George said to Benito "Do you know what I think?" to which B. replied "yes", and they both fainted.

Nick Hall met Francis Cludde in the chimney. Said Nick to Frank "Where's your dame?", and Francis haughtily replied "I prefer a Manhattan", whereupon they kissed each other.

Saturday, August 7th
Bar: 29.64 Temp: 58
Wind: Strong N.W.

The wind rattled our bones all last night, and there was still a good canoe-test breeze when we awoke. We hope our doughty campers found a sheltered nookie in which to pitch their tent! There were other campers who did not: we learned, as we came into the big room, that a rash expedition from Camp Kennebec had discovered the going to be harder than they had suspected, and had taken refuge on the Point for the night. We saw them setting out across the pond in a cloud of chilly spray, just as we were sitting down to scrambled eggs and Johnny-cake in front of a blazing fire.

There was still another traveller: the Pie Plant! She had decided that a little midnight voyage would be a pleasant change, and this morning had to be retrieved from well beyond the Ladies' Slip. We hope she had enough exercise to last her the rest of the season.

Shortly before noon the campers returned, having had a very deluxe time as far as we could gather. The wind kept the mosquitoes away, the hillside kept the wind away, the rain just stayed away of its own accord, and the food was GOOD! They all seemed most contented, if a trifle sleepy after a night of pine-needle couches.

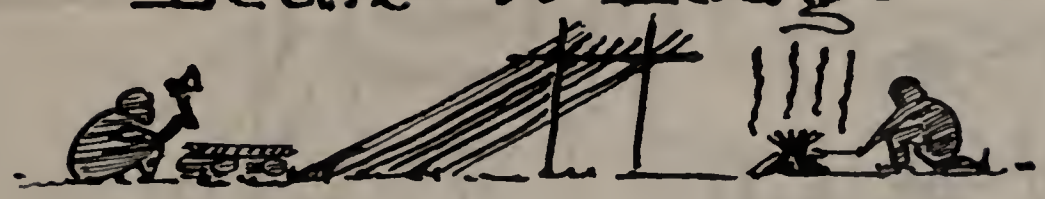
This afternoon the Duds and the Dummies put on a surprisingly lifelike performance in a Skowhegan battle at the Point. It was a big time, marking the return of Captain John to the forefront of the battle, after an absence of many years. Batch T. and Bliss E. could scarcely struggle back to their wigwams after the fight, each was so heavily laden with booty: no less than twelve

scalps apiece!

Evening brought the last of our delightful Campfires, the wind abating, to make condidions perfect. When we were all assembled Captain John opened the proceedings with a short "dope talk", reviewing the Camp season, and pointing out a few of the high spots. Among other things he spoke of Camp Kennebec, and how they used the Point last night, leaving it tidier than it was when they came; a fine example to campers and picnic-ers, where-ever they may be.

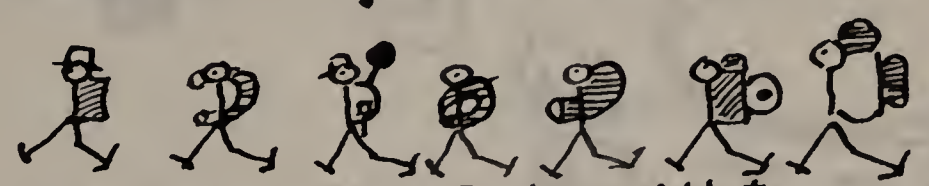
Next on the program was a story, also told by Captain John. It proved to be no less a tale than Kipling's "Mark of the Beast", and we were in a fine state of creepy-crawlies when he finished with us. It was a job shifting gears into a mood for round-singing, but we had a grand threesome, Call John the Boatman, London Cries, and The Voice of the Bell. Next E.T.P. obliged with a spirited rendition of O'Houlihan, a ditty your editor has never before heard in its entirety. Last but not least, we were treated to that famous old Merryweather chant "Twelve Dirty Shirts", sung by the Maestro himself, with all the appropriate accompaniments. Every one joined in at the top of their lungs, and thus closed the meeting on a high and spiritual plane.

~ Lean-to Lodge ~

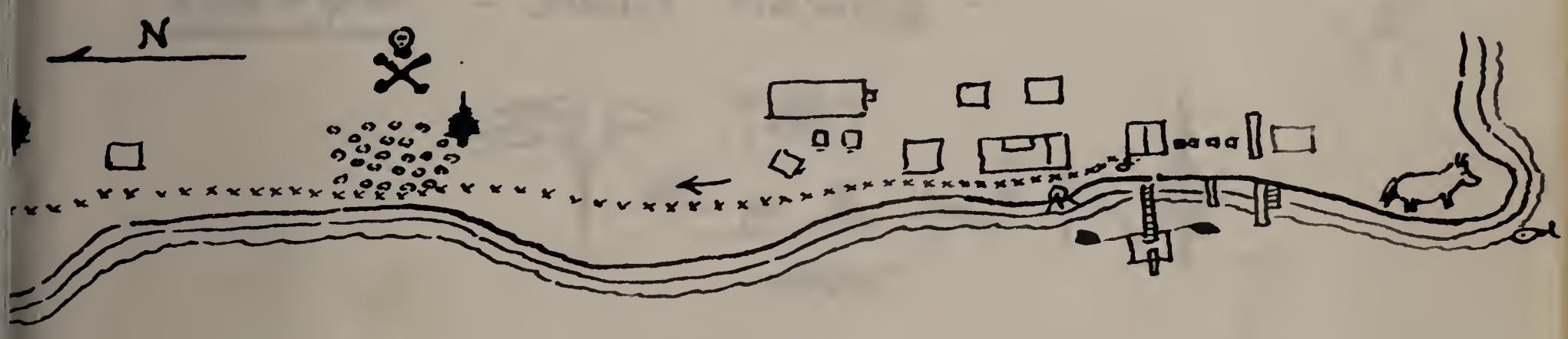


Friday ~ August 6th

3.20 P.M. Leave camp, via the shore trail ~



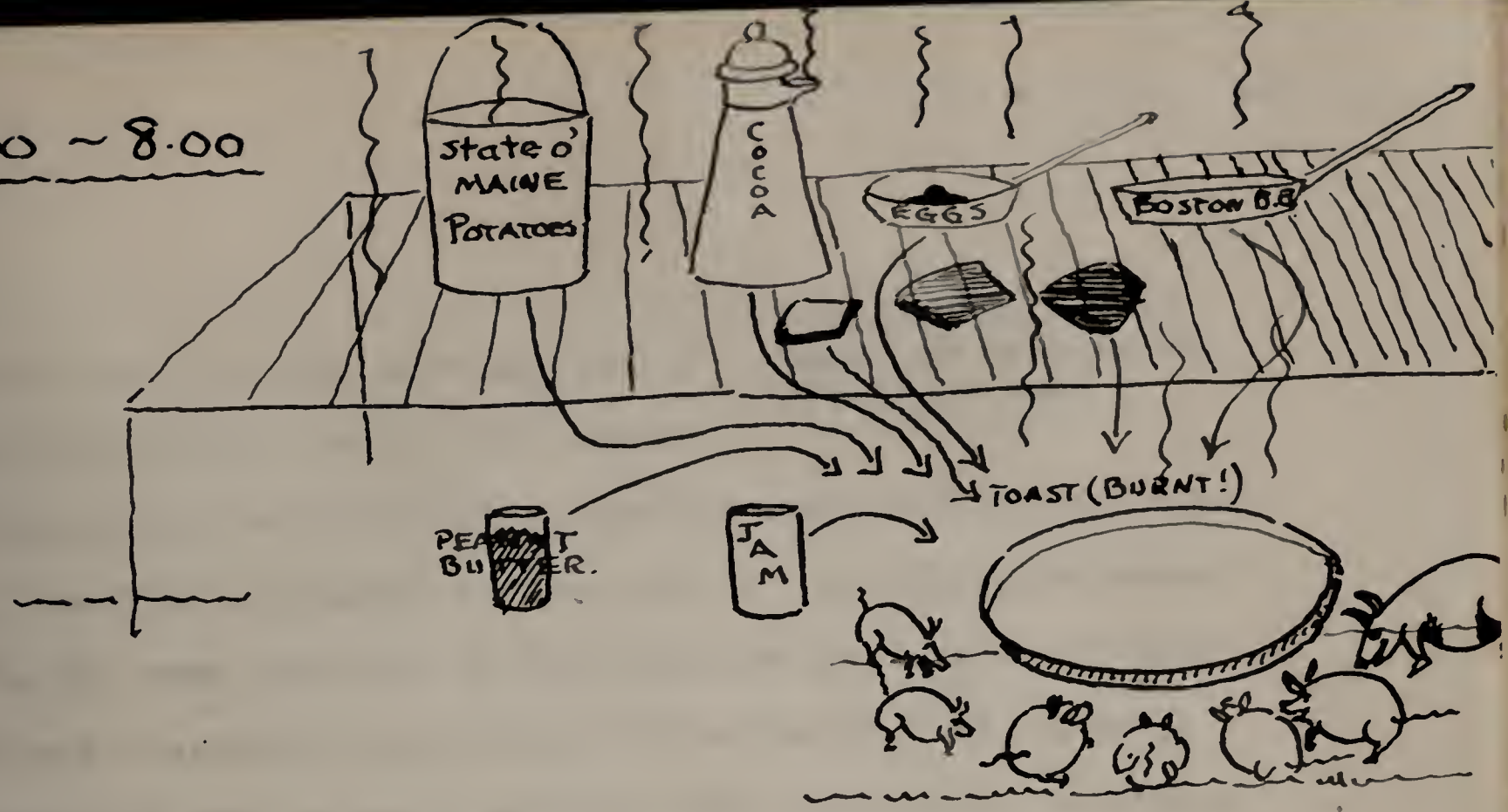
3.35 ~ Arrive at camp-site ~



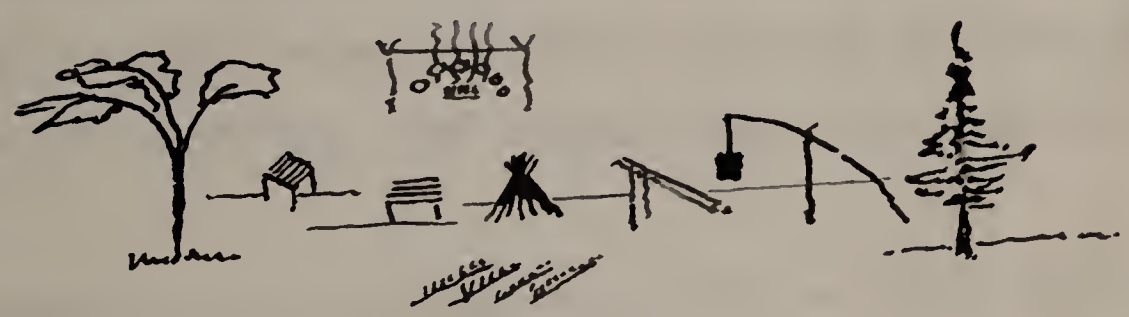
3.45 ~ Tent pitched in pines ~

4.00 ~ 5.00 ~ Firewood + Fireplace

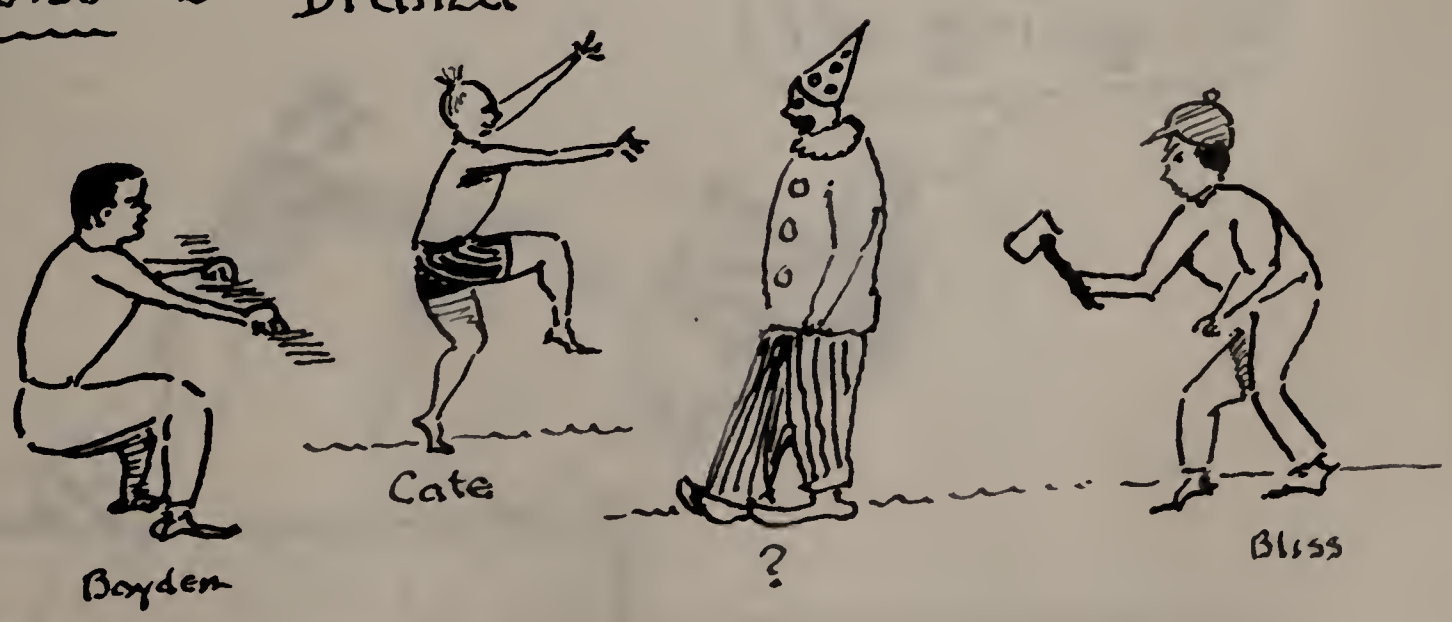
5.00 ~ 8.00



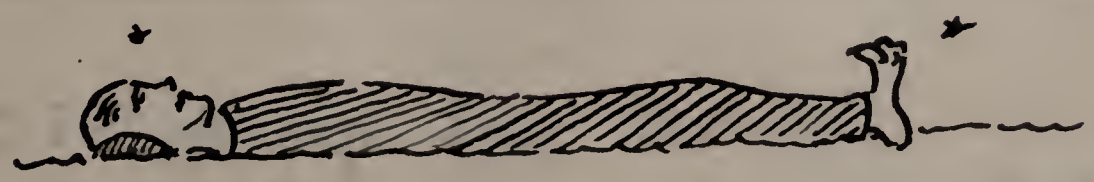
8.00 ~ 9.00 ~ Model Making ~

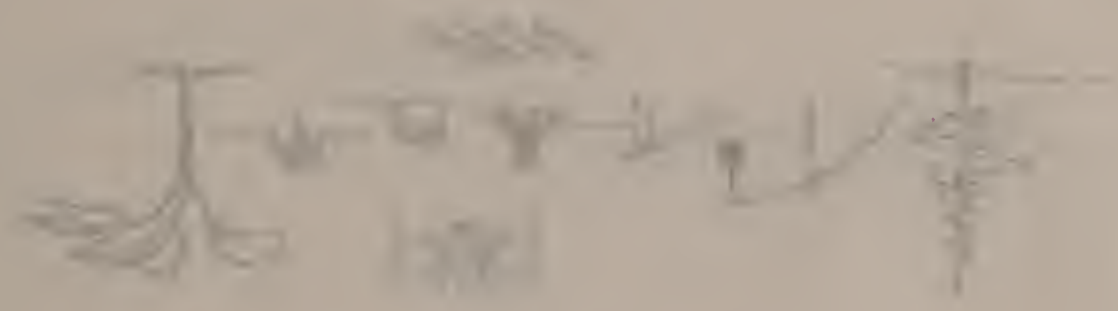


9.00 ~ 10.30 ~ Drama ~



10.30 ~





Sunday, August 8th
Temp: 56 Bar: 29.68
clear and cold

Another really chilly morning, but a beautiful one greeted us on this day of rest. The morning was occupied in various ways, before and after Service. Two fish succumbed to the bait of the wiley fisherman, Bliss, W. who came hot-foot to the Point on the advice of Eliot Put, who was observing the marine life of Great Pond. Several shells ventured out, without mishap, there was mighty scurrying about the writing tables as the "last" letters home were written, and again the Shop was a-buzz with shipbuilders. Several of the tiny vessels have already made trial runs, and they are as pretty and delicate as can be. C.R. wins the prize for most perfect hull, having hollowed it out until one can almost read the newspaper through it.

This splendid commemorative drawing was done the other day, but the Art Dept. didn't get it until this morning, so we hasten to insert it now.

E.T.P. dumps the Arklet
W. Bliss is guilty of understatement.

Afternoon was a go-as-you-please-er, so there were many continuations of morning activities. A good deal of interest is centering around the Field, where future Lighthodies and Nurmi's are practising their various specialties in preparation for a probable track meet, to be run off during the next few days.

A good deal of time was also spent playing a new and rather mysterious game. We know that it is played with "swords" of many shapes and sizes, and that there is a great deal of bellowing connected with it, but more we cannot tell you. We believe it to be a new invention and peculiar to Merryweather '43.

Late in the afternoon the gang adjourned to the Ridge, for a game of Wolf, prior to the Sunday picnic. The picnic itself was to have been under the big oak tree at the South East end of the Ridge, but Captain John wisely decided that the wind would be a trifle on the chilly side there, so the spot was moved to the side of the Ridge overlooking the Cooks' really very handsome (old campers please note) garden. Perhaps they too, are spurred on by the Globe Victory Garden column! We had a small fire, and sat in a vague semi-circle round it, and all agreed that it was a most comfortable and agreeable place to eat.

There was a sea of milkweed around us, on which the pods were large and firm. The younger men conducted various unsavory experiments in the cooking of milkweed pods, but finding them not a huge success, took to slinging the pods in the manner of the well known apple-on-a-stick. This made a really wonderful battle, especially as no one ever knew just where his missile would go. Pete Nash won the brown derby for erratic shooting, his pods shooting off the stick in any way except the intended one. The watchers were liberally peppered by stray shots, in

spite of the warning howls of the shooters, who for some reason best known to themselves referred to us as the "Galley", though we were not cooking, and did not intend to look like cowering slaves!

All down at eight o'clock. Various tid-bits had been laid out for our edification, in the form of a game of "Observation". There were twenty articles to be observed. The first short peek resulted in an average of only five things per person, but the second, timed at exactly twenty seconds by Captain John's watch, produced the following winners, each with sixteen to his credit: Batch, T., Hall, Richards, C.R. Thus came to an end the last Sunday of Camp, a goodly day. May there be many more such in seasons to come!

Appointments for the week:

Merryweather Light: Payson
Lamps: Bullard
Weather: Bliss, E.
Inspector: Cate

It is with real sorrow that we have to record the death of an old Camper and true friend of Merryweather. Dr. Remsen B. Ogilby, President of Trinity College, was drowned on Saturday at his summer home, while teaching a girl to swim. The unfortunate pupil, who was rescued, evidently became frightened and dragged him under, though he was a strong swimmer. He was a tutor at Merryweather in 1905, and made a long visit here in 1937. His service to his Church and to his Country was great, and he will be remembered with affectionate admiration by all who knew him.

Monday, August 9th
Temp: 60 Bar: 29.60
Wind S.W. clear

There was one surprised gentleman at the breakfast table this morning. Hewie Abbot was quite dumbfounded when Captain John said "One, two, three, and the whole table joined in with "Many happy returns of the Day". However, he recovered himself and delivered a splendid birthday message in answer to the many genteel requests for a speech. We understand that he had diverted the South Dormitory and Camp in general from the right track, assuring them all that his natal day was August 13th. How the truth leaked out is a mystery, but anyhow, Mrs. Yetton (Sadie to the initiated) obliged with a most scrummy cake, all pink frosting and layers, at dinner, so somebody must have spilt the beans. To add the final touch a substantial box of candy arrived with the afternoon mail, which was kindly shared with, and much appreciated by the horde of sweet toothed hyenas. We hope that Mr. Abbot liked his birthday as much as the rest of us did!

Big squad news was the cutting and trimming of the new flag pole, in honor of the flag that recently arrived. For the benefit of absent friends, sometime last year the halyards of the big flag pole disappeared. They were new ones and quite expensive. The budget felt a little doubtful of stretching itself to include yet another set, and, more important, not a man in North Belgrade or vicinity could be found to shinny up and do the job. So a plan was evolved to rig a little "Duration Pole" and run up a smaller flag. The flag only arrived the other day, though ordered lo, these many weeks, so we are only just about to raise the Stars and Stripes over Merryweather.

Afternoon brought the much heralded event of Track and Field. At three o'clock the ball-field was alive with the future greats of the cinders warming up and discussing their chances in the forthcoming events. These events included the 100 yard dash, High Jump, Broad Jump, Shot Put, Baseball Throw and 440. The officials were: starter: E.T.P., chief finish judge, also starter on occasion: J.R., line-man, errand-runner and chief bottle-washer: C.R., scorekeeper: L.E.P. and, last but not least, the audience: J.W.S. As time went on the various duties became rather jumbled, so every one had a whack at every one else's job, which lent a pleasant touch of informality to the otherwise strictly conventional proceedings.

The contestants were divided into two classes, according to age and ability. They were as follows:

Class A	Class B
Bliss, W.	Batch, S.
Boyden	Bliss, E.
Batch, T.	Cate
Bullard	Coolidge
Payson	Hall
Abbot	Nash
	Richards
	Ticknor

First on the program was the 100 yard dash. The A's ran first, with Big Bliss ten feet in the lead at the finish, Payson second, Batch T. a close third, Abbot fourth and Boyden fifth. The time was 14.4.

Class B. was run off in two heats and a final. Batch, S, Ticknor, Coolidge, and Hall ran the first heat, coming in in that order, with Sandy loping way ahead of the field. Richards, Bliss,E., Cate and Nash were in the second heat, Jack coming up strong from behind to beat Little Bliss by five feet. The times were 15, and 15.3.

Class B. finals were run in the same time as the first heat, Sandy winning by a good fifteen feet. Bliss was 2nd, Richards 3rd, Ticknor a close 4th, and Cate 5th.

Next came the High Jump, where a variety of forms was displayed that would have amazed an Olympic Official. Linc Boyden won the Class A. crown, with a jump of 3.9, gracefully declining to try and break that record at the end of the jumping. Batch T. was 2nd, Bliss 3rd, Payson 4th, and the Birthday boy hauled down a point for fifth.

Class B. also produced some fine jumps, Ticknor winning with a leap that came only an inch below Boyden's. Bliss, E. was second, there was a tie for third between Batch.S. and Richards, and Cate and Hall made another tie for fifth, each clearing three feet.

The Broad Jump was the next affair. A little more practise here would have produced big results, as there were many fouls and some erratic but potentially good jumping. In Class A. Big Bliss took the first leap, and the winning one, 12'6'', neither he nor any one else coming within six inches of it again. Batch came second, Payson and Boyden tied for third, and Abbot squeaked out another fifth.

In class B. we had Batch S. starring again with a leap of 12.1. Little Bliss came second, J. Rich was third, Cate fourth, and Ticknor fifth.

Next came the Shot Put, a sport to which almost all were totally new. Excellent results were obtained once the contestants absorbed the idea of PUTTING, not throwing. It was interesting to note that not a foul was scored by the B division, while A had five fouls out of eighteen puts.

Class A	100 yd.	High Jump	Broad Jump	Shot Put	Base-Ball	440	total points
Bliss W.	5	3	5	5	5	5	28
Boyden	1	5	3	4	4		17
Batch T.	3	4	4	3	3	4	21
Bullard					1	1	2
Payson	4	2	3	1		3	13
Abbot	2	1	1	2	2	2	10
Class B.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Batch, S.	5	3	5	4	4	5	26
Bliss, E.	4	4	4	5	5	4	26
Cate	1	1	2			1	5
Coolidge					1		1
Hall		1					1
Nash				3	2		5
Richards	3	3	3	1		3	13
Ticknor	2	5	1	2	3	2	15

Big Bliss came through to win on a single shot in this event, fouling on both his other tries. That one put measured 23 feet exactly, fourteen inches better than the nearest competitor. Boyden made second place here, with Batch T. third, Abbot fourth, and Pete Bullard fifth.

Class B. was won by Little Bliss, who chucked it out 19.8 feet. Batch, S. came next, then Ticknor, Nash, and Coolidge.

The baseball Throw was a merry party for ball-shackers J.R. and E.T.P., as the pill flew at a wide variety of angles. In class A we found a dark horse; none other than our elegant leaper, Linc. There were only two throws apiece, and his first was weak, but the second cleared 139 feet, beating Bliss's peg by an estimated 12¾ inches. Batch T. placed third, Abbot fourth, and Payson fifth, all the throws being over 110 feet.

Class B. bowed before the mighty arm of Ned Bliss, who made 125 feet on the first throw. Sandy Batch came next, then Nash, Ticknor and Richards, all with very tidy distances to their credit.

The final event of the afternoon was our famous old friend, the flexible 440. The editors have seen a good many such in their day, and every time the course has a new and subtle variation. The B's ran first, their time being 1 min., 4 and three fifths seconds. Sandy Batch again showed his heels to the crowd, and probably could have run a good deal faster if he had been pushed. Bliss held the no. 2 position, Richards 3rd, Ticknor 4th, and Cate a fighting fifth.

The A division was quickly taken under control by Bill Bliss, who was never seriously threatened, though he had to keep moving! Second came Batch, then Payson, Abbot, and Bullard.

So ended our Track and Field. We wish there had been time to have more than one meet during the season, as there were a good many performances that looked promising of big results, if given a bit of practise. It was a fine afternoon, and worthy to be topped off by a first-class swim, which it was, followed by supper and a dose of candy all round! Many thanks, Newie.

In the evening there were boats, either on the water or in the Shop. A small but skilled group of fishermen returned at half-past-eight with breakfast food amounting to five perch, one a ¼ lb. beauty, and one bass. Counting the bass that Bill Bliss captured in a spare moment this morning, this brings the fishing totals to:

perch:	114*
bass:	24*
hornpout:	1
yellow perch:	1

* Counting the two Bliss-fish caught on Sunday, which were previously omitted.

Tuesday, August 10th
Wind:N.E., light
Bar: 29.6 Temp: 61

A cool and drizzly day. There was a general feeling of melancholy which pervaded Camp, as the rain descended gently and sadly upon our heads. However, it didn't descend for long, and the squads were put through according to schedule, there was some shell-navigation, and, magnificent to behold, the flag pole was firmly planted upon the South end of the Ball field. We shall have to wait until the weather is a little more settled in it's mind before the flag can be raised, but everything is in readiness.

A "Noah's Parade" was planned for the afternoon, if and when the weather should cheer up, but though we waited long and patiently, cheer up it would not. The inmates were forced to content themselves with the ever more frenzied sport of boat-building, and other indoor athletics. The boats are beginning to reach that stage where their proud owners trip gaily one by one to the water's edge, and watch their little darlings sit sedately down, stern first, and dunk their newly oiled sails in the pond. At five, failing other exercise, the younger men ran to Fourway, C.R. herding them along the track, and then there was a swim for all, followed by some more rowing, as the rain at this point decided to cease.

There was much dashing and dithering as evening approached, as tonight was the last Charade night, and the teams were desperately resolved to outdo all former performances.

At an easy quarter of eight the horn was blown and we assembled, somewhat breathless, but still in our right minds, to witness each other's crowning acts of the season.

E.T.P's side came first. They presented a two-syllable word,

both syllables of which were presented in both the first and last scenes. The first scene was in a front-line hospital, where hard-boiled medico E.T.P. mended a collection of the most fearsome wounds by a bit of jui-jitsu, and the application of a BAND AID at the crucial spot. The second act disclosed none other than America's own Gracie Fields, talking, singing, and wise-cracking with the accompanying BAND for the AID of the Marines. Gracie, in her wig of shavings, was a thing of beauty, and her rendering of Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" will long be remembered.

Second turn came to the Putnam-Rimmer combine, who obliged with another two-syllable word. The first scene was that of some hopeful prostectors for oil, standing around their well, working the drill down gradually. Suddenly the WELL started to gush an imaginary but lively spout of oil, and, shreiking with joy they rushed to safety. The second scene was at a dog-trainer's where a lady came to purchase a pup, but a well trained one. The dog trainer kindly demonstrated how well his charges would COME to a whistle, but unfortunately the Bulldog, Coolidge, having refused at first, leapt roaring upon the unfortunate man. The whole word, WELCOME was enacted by a group of Italian soldiers, giving the glad hand to the invading Yanks as they landed upon the shores of Sicily. They swore the dead ginger ale tasted just like Chianti, and a merry party was had by all.

J.R.'s company performed last of all, a truly memorable word: Sing-Sing. The first scene was magnificent, J.R. being a most feminine and lovely teacher, instructing her class in the singing of that rugged old W.C.T.U. ditty "Baa-baa-baa, I'll keep the Pledge". Unfortunately when it came to the line " You must

never drink anything else, my dear" the ribald class substituted " - else, BUT BEER", which was shocking!

The second scene was, if possible, even better. Mme Schumann-Heinck (Peter Nash) sang a very beautiful, and totally new song to a select gathering upon the stage, and to the audience also. Here follows the ditty, which was set to the tune of Yankee Doodle:

In days of old the brothers came
To camp at Merryweather
But five long years had passed and gone
Since they had got together.

Chorus: Merryweather, rise again,
Merryweather dandy;
Gobble all the wheaties up
And with the jam be handy.

So then came bouncing Benny Cate
From a Canadian College;
We wondered at his questions and
We wondered at his knowledge.

(cho.) And then came Terry Batchelder
A-following of his father;
He talked so fast and laughed so loud
He soon was in a lather.

(cho.) And then came Mr. Puttenham,
He surely was a fine one,
He made a flagpole and some stairs,
Besides a board to dive on.

(cho.) And then came Linc from Beverly
Who needs his music daily;
He strums on the piano
And he plays the ukelele.

(cho.) And then came Mr. Billy Bliss,
His rod and line a-swishing;
He likes to keep his ankles cool
Wherever he goes fishing.

(cho.) And next a gang from Chestnut Hill,
Another one from Groton;
They played so hard and shrieked so hard
I stuffed my ears with cotton!

(cho.) Long life to Merryweather then,
And to the Camp re-born, sir,
And next year may they hop again
Whene'er they hear the horn, sir!

(cho.)

The final scene, presenting the whole word, was a grim and grisly affair. We found ourselves gazing at a Sing Sing prison cell, wherein was none other than Pretty Boy Floyd (Bill Payson). The warden was instructing two guards in the care of the arch-criminal. Having given careful directions, he departed. As soon as he had gone Pretty Boy's dear (?) old Irish mother, and his little son came to see him. The fond Mamma (J.W.S.) brought a loaf of her own home-made bread for her poor child, which the guards were pursuaded to give to him. The rest is easy to guess. Suffice it to say that in the wink of an eye the bars were down, the guards weltering in their own gore, and Pretty Boy on the rampage once again! Thus ended a truly dramatic evening, and we hope the audience did not have nightmares.

Here follow a few of the more interesting facts revealed in the Merryweather Comprehensive Examination, which was administered this morning. The results on the whole were good, and there were no universal stickers among the questions asked. However, there were a good many original thoughts, as we shall demonstrate.

Q.1: What is the name of the War Canoe?
A: Ounauch. Ouanaux. Ouaninease.

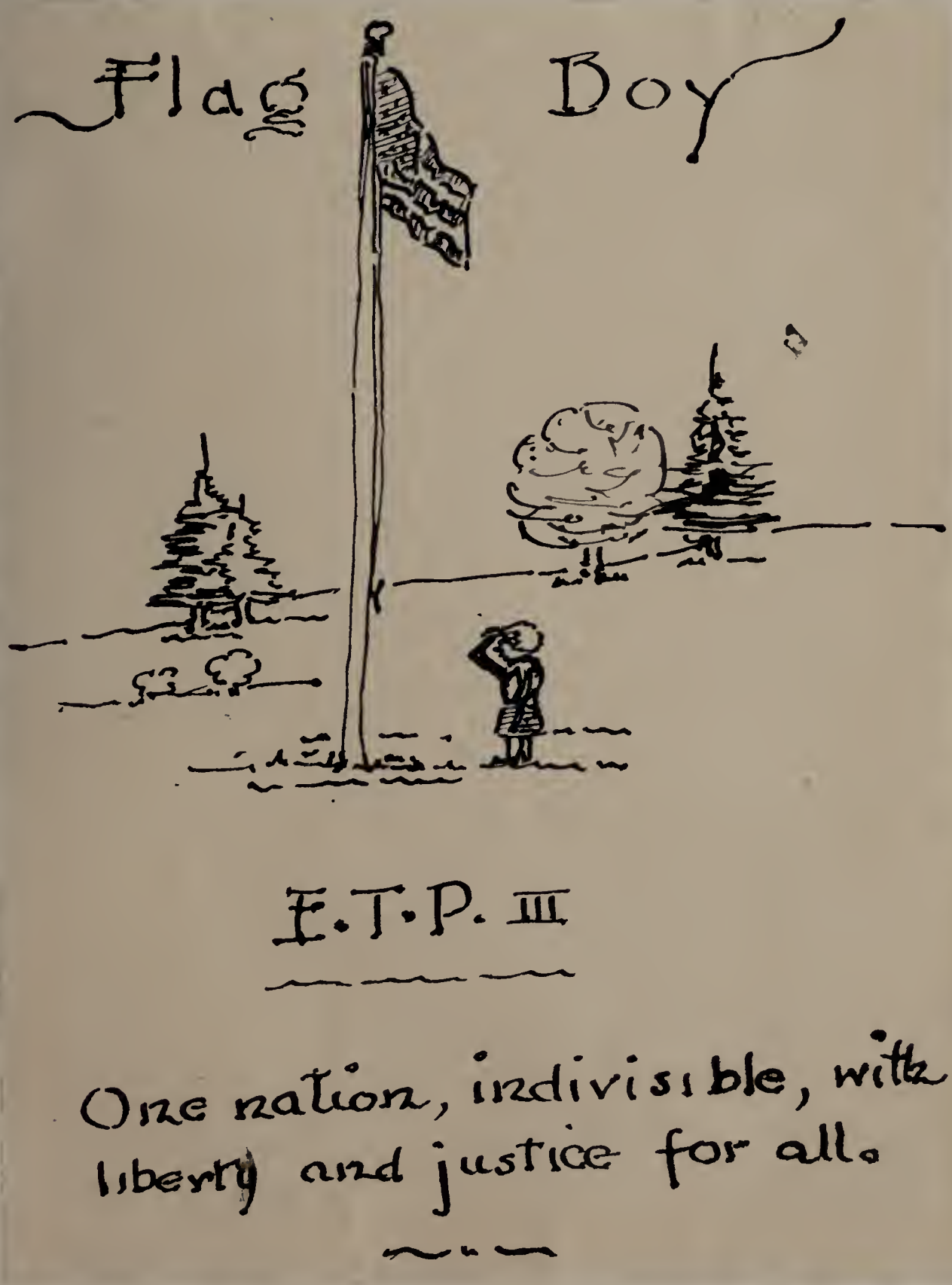
Q.2How deep is the water under the float?
A: Four feet. Six feet, ten inches. Ten feet. Twelve feet.

Q.3: How much does the tide rise in Great Pond?
A: One foot. Six inches. Three feet.

Q.4: What is caviar?
A: A kind of cocktail. Tomato and cucumber. Salon egg.

Tuesday, August 11th
Temp: 61 Bar: 29.72
Wind: S.E. showery.

The weather certainly is doing us dirt. We know this is not a very genteel expression, but it is the only one under the circumstances. Today might truly be classed as "horrid". The morning wasn't too bad. We did manage a flag-raising, as per picture:



The only witnesses of the ceremony, which took place shortly after seven A.M. were the House of Put, and a semi-nude edition of Batch T. We can vouch, nevertheless, that it was done in the very best style.

At breakfast there were various speeches. Captain John made announcements about baggage, money etc.; we are having to do things in rather a piecemeal manner this year, owing to the difficulty of getting enough vehicles at appropriate moments, so that we must do a good deal of advance preparation. Next the entire table gave a roaring "Many Happy Returns of the Day, Dickie Coolidge", and after an interval of modest blushing, that gentleman replied with a speech that was quite serious and very sweet. It was Merryweather's turn to blush at the sincere compliments which were paid her.

There were skeleton squads this morning, as the boatbuilders were panting to get the last stays and coats of oil onto their tiny craft. The water was smooth as a mill-pond, and the rain held off, so there was much trying out. Difficulty was encountered in making the boats sit upright, and many were the muttered imprecations, as time grew shorter and Ambroid grew stickier. The race was scheduled for first thing in the afternoon, and there was little leeway left for frills or furbelows, and alas, NO chance to try the wee racers in a breeze.

The other major activity of the morning was packing, and it was sad to see the mounting pile of duffle bags and suitcases upon the front porch, waiting for transportation to Waterville.

Of course the rain would have to come and spoil everything, as soon as we had finished our dinner. Never mind. Everybody was so full of luscious corn-on-the-cob (some stalwarts managed

to surround six pieces, not small ones either) that all were quite content to indulge in a rather peaceful afternoon. There was ping-pong, more boatbuilding, including the construction of a fleet of miniature dinghies, some complete to oars and oarlocks, as well as heated bouts of the faithful Dover Patrol. All honor to that game! It wins first prize as a rainy-day pastime among the younger men.

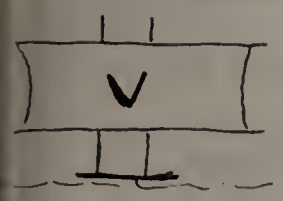
Promptly at five P.M. the rain ceased, a snappy Southerly Breeze sprang up, and the stage was set for the great event. The course was laid South of the Point, the rangeleys were dumped, and the officials repaired to their posts:

Starters: C.P.R., Abbot Pickers-up: E.T.P., Bliss, E.

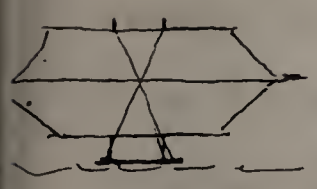
Boat Boss: Bliss, W. Carrier-out: Batch, T.

Distance: 100 yards.

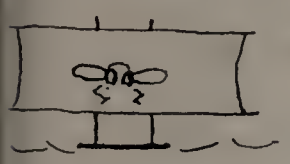
Alas and Alack! Woe and Gloom! Rats and Bears! The races were quickly over. At half-past-five the home guard heard the sound of returning ships and men, returning not in victory but in despair. Not one of all those beauteous boats was able to stand up to the breeze. The "winner" only managed to travel ten feet before she nose-dived into the waves, all the others having capsized earlier. Never in the history of the Yacht races has there been such a sad fiasco. Dismally, the owners admitted that there was no use attempting to right them any more, and the regatta was cancelled. Various theories have been advanced as to why the little boats, some built with meticulous care and in true proportion of sail and hull to those of their larger sisters, could not "take it" even in a moderate breeze. Let it suffice for the present that it is obvious they cannot.



V for Victory - I.T.P.



Sepia - C.R.

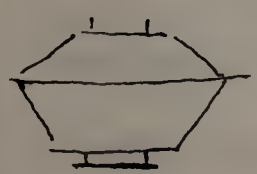


Bzzzt - L.E.P.

Blissful Put Put - Bliss, W.

Osprey - Bliss, E.

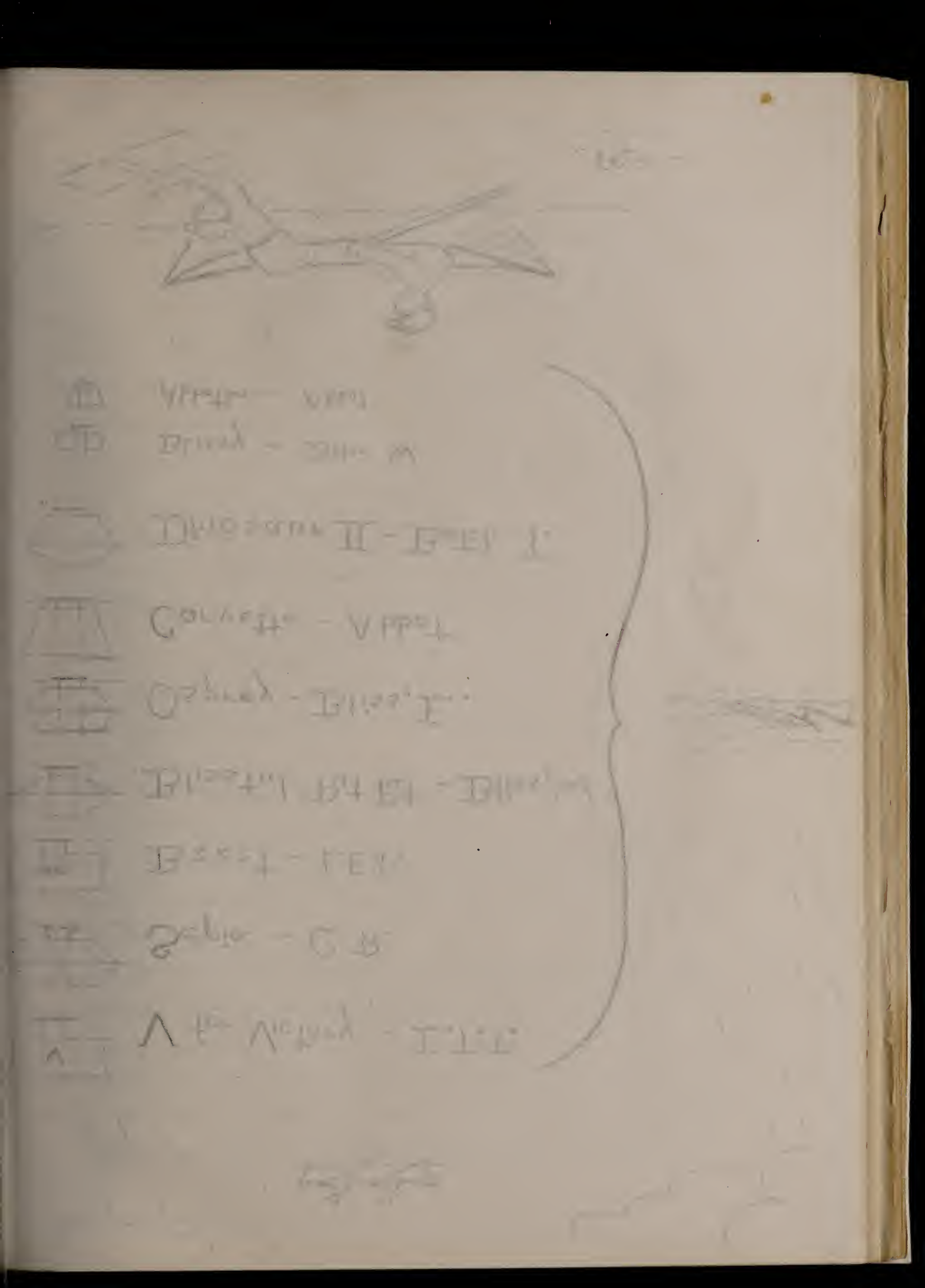
Corvette - Abbot



Dinosaur II - Batch T.

Blissy - Bliss W.

Abbotoo - Abbot



The woes of the boaters were soon forgotten, as we sat down to something rather "extra" in the way of supper, topped off with a wondrous two-layer cake in honor of that elderly person, R. Coolidge Esq. What with that (we all had generous portions, except Dick, who quite properly had two) and a round of Captain John's chocolates afterwards, we were well padded for any coming evening emergencies.

The proceedings were started in a peaceful manner with Digestion Club, Moti Guj being the story, and a grand one it is. From then on things were less peaceful. C.R. was called into the big room, and his extra inches employed in the suspending of a mysteriously fat brown paper bag from one of the rafters. Then, starting with the youngest, each boy was blindfolded, given a stout cudgel, and directed to take three steps forward and WHACK! Thirteen lusty thumps went wide of the mark, one per man. It took our aged friend Bill Bliss to finally bring both bag and contents rattling to the floor, where the entire gathering flung itself, tummy first, in an extasy of greed. When the pig-pile was resolved into its fourteen separate parts, we discovered that each had managed to rescue anywhere from four to fourteen "kisses" of assorted flavors and colors, and there ensued a lusty smacking of lips, as the booty disappeared in a systematic and unhurried way.

Chairs were then placed in a ring, and Boston was the order of the moment. We were enchanted to find that Jack Richards has grown so plump that his captor thought he was Hewie Abbot; or is it that Hewie has grown so thin?

At quarter past eight the Boston was shelved in favor of more momentous doings. Carried by Captain E.T.P. of the Algonquins,

PERCY Shaves in Peace!

the Scouting Cup now made its appearance, and upon investigation, proved to be filled to the brim with Pink Drink, the traditional beverage. The cup was escorted by a tray laden with glasses and cookies, for the benefit of victor and vanquished alike.

E.T.P. now summoned his braves and they drank a toast to their valiant enemy. Amid applause, the Pink Drink circulated among the company, and all too soon we were tipping the cup upside down to drain the last drop. Then, having been duly washed, the cup was placed by E.T.P. upon the stand at the South end of the room. It was a shorter and less formal ceremony than those of bygone years, and held at a different time, but for all that it was no less significant of the really fine things that the game of Scouting has always stood for at Merryweather.

Now arose J.R., and with a short speech presented our one prize of the season, a very efficient looking little hatchet, to Bill Bliss. The prize was officially for consistent neatness about his cubicle (in his case cabin, as a matter of fact) but as Captain John said, it really represented a great deal more, as throughout the summer Bill has been outstanding in all the qualities that one thinks of in connection with the words "Good Camper". Then, after a few words about the morning, and packing in general, "Half Past Eight" was called. So ended, to all intents and purposes, our Camp Season. Tomorrow will be a whirlwind departure, and so the real handshakes came tonight. Not one among the group are we anything but sorry to see go; a grand lot of boys and real Merryweathers. May we all meet again soon!

Thursday, August 12th
Bar: 29.83 Temp: 62
Wind: S.E. cloudy

Early in the clammy dawn we heard Captain John, calling us to come into the water. The clock said a dreary six-fifteen, and rising was hard indeed. The ladies of the company remained discreetly withindoors, and the travellers had the unprecedented privilege of swimming in their birthday suits, to avoid dripping bathing suits among their luggage.

Breakfast at seven o'clock was attended by a group of almost unrecognizable young men. They looked distressingly dapper in shirts with ties and tweed coats and long trousers. Only the coiffures retained that familiar appearance, as of freshly rumpled haystacks; it was a positive relief to see them. We all gobbled our meal, as the caravan was scheduled to start at quarter of eight. Start it did, right on the dot, the three wagons belonging to Sadie Yetton, E.T.P., and our neighbor Mr. Caswell, who kindly came to our assistance in what would otherwise have been rather a jam. There were wavings and roarings and blowings of horns, and away they whirled in a cloud of mud, leaving a very large and empty camp behind them.

It wasn't as large and empty as we had imagined at first, we soon discovered, when we had had time to collect our sleepy wits. To begin with, only thirteen boys left, Hewie Abbot staying on for an extra week with his Pa and Ma, who are expected this afternoon. The Putnam tribe remained very much on the ball, and soon Eliot and Betsy were giving a fine imitation of the entire crowd of boys in the big room. Add to them J.W.S. and J.R., both very much here, and the kitchen staff, and you have quite a tidy

number. We soon found, also, that there was plenty to be done, and all hands dispersed to their various duties. J.R. was at it again with a lively fire snapping on the damp ball-field. Hewie made a most efficient one man lampery, after which he and J.W.S. retired to the Abbotsford Appartments to polish them up a bit. L.E.P. draped herself strategically between the typewriter and the nursery, and E.T.P., returning from Waterville with sundry packages which he had been commissioned to collect, plunged into goodness knows what fearsome project.

Lunch was a gargantuan affair indeed. Sadie evidently refuses to believe that the boys have gone, and had prepared enough and to spare for a young army. However we did pretty well, well enough so that afterwards we were just about able to stagger off to our various couches before our knees gave way beneath us.

L.E.P., E.T.P., and Abbot H. were in the Shop, late-ish in the afternoon, when the sputter of a car coming up the hill warned them of the impatiently awaited arrival of: Geo. E. Abbot and Anglesea H. Abbot. . In an incredibly short time we saw Abbots, father and son, setting forth upon the waters in search of fish. Two bass for the breakfast table resulted!

Seven for supper, in front of a blazing fire: a deliciously peaceful contrast to last night's meal. The spinner came into play though, and G.E.A. had the honor of doing the buttling. Afterwards there was a bit of gentle trolling, J.R. netting three perch, and so to a last "sit" in front of the fire before an early bed hour.

Friday, August 13th
Bar: 29.71 Temp: 60
Wind: S.E. Rain.

Friday the thirteenth! Certainly, as far as the weather was concerned this ill-omened day lived up to it's reputation. The one comforting thought to all was that at least "the gang" was gone, so they didn't have to sit and steam, or rush desperately about in the downpour. Various tasks were accomplished, mostly of the indoor variety. There were some activities, however, performed by the male population, which we hesitate to say reminded us somewhat of the ancient ditty:

This learned fish has not sufficient brains
To go into the water when it rains.

The early part of the afternoon was one universal z-z-z-z-z-z-z. Later E.T.P. and E.T.P. repaired to the Point, on the theory that the weather had been so bad lately that there had been very little fishing, so the poor fish must be getting hungry. J.R. had the same thought, but he, even braver (?) than the House of Put, set forth in the Seth, upon a gray and stormy sea. The Puts stuck it out for the better part of an hour before going and building a bonfire on the ball field as an antidote to luckless fishing. J.R. returned after a two-hour vigil, bearing one small perch. Evidently the rain has taken away their appetites!

Somebody had been fishing, though, with better luck than ours, for there was a magnificent chowder awaiting us at the supper table. This and an evening round the fire, punctuated by dips into Newie's and J.R.'s candy boxes, quite revived our mildewed spirits. There's something to be said for this sort of weather after all!

Saturday, August 14th
Bar:29.32 Temp:63
Wind: absent, rain.
Forecast: dampish.

We are so used to drippy weather that it really seems the natural and expected thing by now. We even commented favorably, as we gathered round the breakfast table, on the warmth of the day. As time went on we felt the atmosphere growing less damp by almost imperceptible degrees, and shortly before noon a few limp shadows were observed on the sodden ground. We ignored them, however, and went stolidly about our various businesses, until the sun, fed up with these blasé people, blazed down, to give us an afternoon of perfect sun-bathing, canoe-ing and strolling weather.

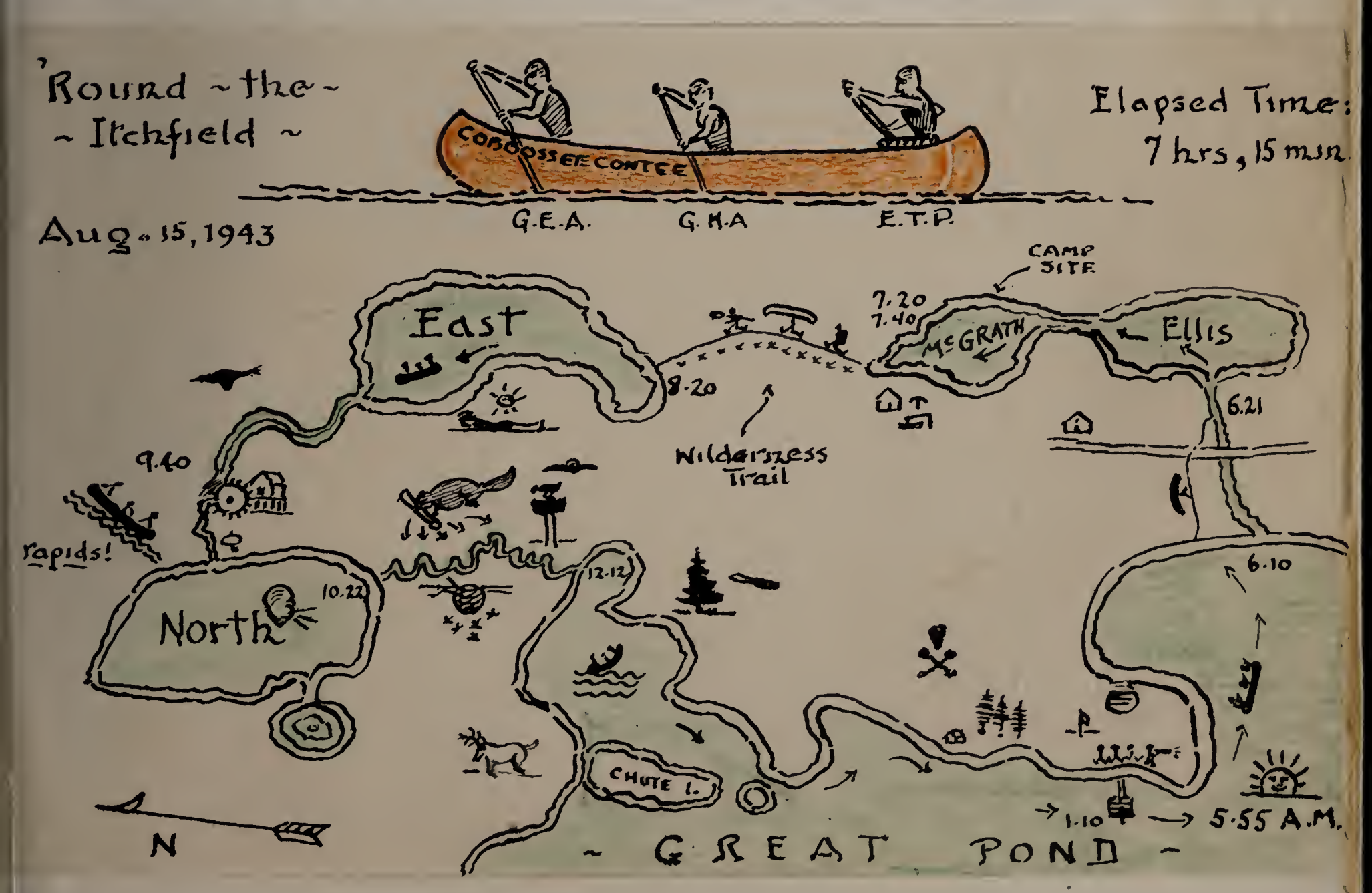
Before we leave the enthralling subject of the weather, let us give due thanks to our Weather Lady, who is eminently on her toes!

What goes on around Merryweather in the mornings these days is rather a mystery. Shortly after breakfast the friends disperse upon various self-appointed squads, of a one-man character. What they do is beyond us, but the resultant appetites seem to indicate that they do plenty!

J.R. acquired his daily perch. E.T.P., L.E.P. and Eliot went for a ride in the Hecuba. Abbotsford-by-the-shore was an elegant and well-peopled basking ground. J.W.S. went for a stroll. So passed a most agreeable afternoon. The evening was devoted to boating, and there was a beautiful sunset. E.T.P. and G.E.A. decided that such a sunset augured great things, too great to be passed up. Over the bedtime wassail bowl plans were crystallized for a trip round the Itchfield, two Abbots (pere et fils) and one Put to set out not later than six A.M. in the Cobb, and be back in time for Sunday Dinner; hurrah for them!

Sunday, August 15th
Bar: 29.40 Temp: 64
Wind: W.N.W. clear.

Set out they did, three stalwart adventurers, leaving the Merryweather drydocks at precisely 5.55 A.M., with a hot breakfast inside them, and supplied with the latest Boy Scout iron rations to keep the wolf from the canoe. The breeze was brisk when they started, and brisker when they returned. Some anxiety was felt by squaws Abbot and Putnam, for fear their braves might get their feet wet. They were sighted rounding Monkey Point at 12.45, with the wind, which had swung to due West, slapping them hard. A few minutes after one they arrived at the float, dampish but far from soggy. The tale of their adventure appears as follows:



For the benefit of future Itchy-Itchy travelers we will repeat in words what has already been so artistically shown in pictures, namely, that the Itchfield Carry is now no more than an overgrown path, and that there are no less than six large beaver dams on Meadow Brook, also that the fish in said brook are so thick that you could scoop them up in a bucket (almost!)

Shortly after dinner the fans retired to their several wigwams for a bit of shut-eye, but were roused again in short order by the appearance of a small, pilot-less sailboat, bearing down on the Float from a Southerly direction. The runaway, a 14 foot flat bottomed skiff, her sail flapping loosely, was easily captured and made fast to a corner of the float. Then we all retired to our lairs once more to await developements. They developed about six o'clock, in the form of a launch from Pine Island Camp, bearing Dr. Swan and two companions, who had been scouring the Pond most of the afternoon in search of her. It appears that some one had left the sail up to dry, who didn't know how to tie a bowline! Tsk, tsk, it was sad to see our sailboat go. We felt tempted to say "Findies keepies, losies weepies" but thought better of it. Anyhow she wasn't up to our speed.

Sunday picnic was a restful affair, as we wandered no further than the hearth of the Big Room. After nearly two hours of meditative preparation, mastication, and reparation we relaxed while J.W.S. read aloud the opening chapters of Patricia Wentworth's Nothing Venture. Those who heard it pronounced it a thriller of great promise.

Monday, August 16th.
Bar: 29.42 Temp: 64
Wind west, Forecast:
look out for Monsoon
or Chinook.

This merry morning saw the first real swimming party for many a day. At the welcome tootle of the Horn all hands scurried from their various occupations and into their various bathing regalia, to gather on the Float and enjoy the sun, the surf, and the sight, fascinating in its precariousness, of G.E.A. performing an aquatic tight rope act in a single shell.

Please observe our Weather Lady's forecast. It was not only original, but accurate, as the Monsoon did arise, to give us a blustery South wind, with white caps and clouds enough to make us fear for our newly-recovered weather.

Please also observe, if you clamber up the slope to the Shop, the forestry that G.E.A. has been engaging in. It was a much-needed project, and our trees no longer look as if they needed a hair-cut. Many are the straggling dead lower branches which formerly threatened the eyesight of the unwary, and now have snapped their last snap in yet another bonfire on the ball-field.

The afternoon was blustery, but not too much so for two boat loads of hardy fishermen to set out in quest of the wiley perch. Their luck was not all it should have been. The Abbots pere et fils and J.R., starting betimes and trying various fishing grounds, finally managed to coax two perch and one hornpout into their boat. The House of Putnam staged a fruitless hunt in the vicinity of the Point. However all hands agreed that the boating was beautiful.

This day saw that great tonsorial artist E.T.P. at work again.

Hewie was the first victim, his shorn locks falling thick upon the steps of the Memorial in the rosy blush of morning. In the evening by the fireside J.R. also bravely endured the ordeal, though heckled by ribald onlookers. The results, we assure you, are marvelous! Afterwards there was more Nothing Venture, thus closing a most agreeable day.

Fishing Statistics to date:

White perch:	118
Yellow "	1
Bass:	26
Hornpout:	2
total:	147

Largest fish: 1¾ lb bass, cought by E.T.P.

Tuesday, August 17th.
Bar:29.3 Temp:66
Wind West by North
Forecast:Look out for flat calms or gales.

The early morning was lively in the Putnam end of camp.The prospect of the departure for Dedham had Eliot and Betsy turning dawn cart-wheels.But a complete about-face in plans took place about 8.30, when L.E.P.fell victim to a wholly unwelcome bug,and was immediately ordered to her bed,where she soon began to give proof that rest is a dandy tonic for "invisible ills".As Jean Nay had to leave after lunch,the patient spent her time,between chapters of light reading,directing Assistant Nurses J.W.S.and E.T.P.,under whose care the small Puts muddled through the day and hit the hay without undue set-backs.

Though the Putnam affairs rather monopolized the front page, there were other, merrier items of news. In the morning there was some very fine swimming, and swimming again this afternoon, the day being made to order for aquatic activities. After a polite interval of snoozing, there was also a walk to the Landslide for various persons.

The evening was our last all together. Tomorrow, transported by the Anderson Taxi Co, J.R. departs for Gardiner, where he plans to spend a goodish length of time. He will return for a brief spell before going on to Concord, but his summer residence here is ended, our Director is departing, and WE DON'T LIKE IT!

More "Nothing Venture" this eve. L.E.P., by virtue of her malady, has been privileged to read ahead, and is making life miserable on all sides with guarded statements and juicy hints.

Wednesday, Aug. 18
Weather report missing

It was so windy all day that land activities were the order of the day. The Abbot family did mighty things with dead branches, and there was a good deal of brush burning. Our brilliant and talented editor. L.E.P. handed in her temporary resignation, and from now on the Log will be an abridged edition.

Thurs. Aug. 18

This was a day of departures. L.E.P. and G.E.A. went to Waterville to take the train for Boston, and soon after E.T.P. packed his offspring into his car, and ably assisted by Mrs. Abbot and Hewie, packed up all the goods and chattels, and were on the road for Dedham. In the afternoon Sadie and J.W.S. went off for two nights. The former to her home at The Mills, and J.W.S. to Gardiner.

Saturday Aug. 21

Sadie was the first to arrive today, bringing her daughter, Lucile. Somewhat later J.R. and J.W.S. came in the Richards car, driven by the faithful Bert. Many chores were done, then , after a picnic lunch, Bert and J.R. departed, leaving J.W.S. to twiddle her thumbs until the arrival of the following campers.

John D. Shaw
Mabel R. Shaw Louise Shaw Jerry Shaw
Anne C. Newbury Bert Newbury

Sunday, Aug. 22.
Temp. 62
Bar. 29.8
Calm.
Forecast, clearing by noon

In spite of a lively breeze two, swimming test were passed this morning. J.D.S. and Bert Newbury swam to the point with ease and grace, while the ladies sat on the float and admired them.

In the afternoon the men took the good ship Shawnee to Fourway, and after a while a strange sound was heard by those remaining in camp. It sounded like an outboard motor. nay, it WAS an outboard motor! Soon the Shawnee came around the point with the faithful Johnson motor spending the last drop of gas(almost) to, bring the boat up to the float. John found a little gas at Fourway and thought the poor engine would enjoy being warmed up a bit.

The John Shaws tried fishing in the afternoon, but with no luck. Bert Newbury got an attack of tremendous energy, and paddled around Oak in a Kayak, in spite a a fresh little breeze.

During the afternoon there were times when one or another of the campers were extremely quiet. Indeed there were not many who did not enjoy quite a period of Shut-Eye. It was a grand afternoon to sleep!

"The Nine Tailors" by Dorothy Sayre has been chosen for evening reading, and promises to hold us all spellbound.

Monday, Aug. 23.
Bar.29.72
Temp. 60.
Fog
Wind s.w, medium
Forecast. Look out for squalls

Squad-time was a busy period, and wood, ice and lamps were all attended to. J.D.S. then thought that Bert had better know the worst, and introduced him to Mexico, which was pumped until it sucked, and so should be all right for quite a while.

After the chores had been attended to, the Seth was launched and manned with two stalwart oarsmen, with their wives as passengers, She set out for Goose Beach to see where our old friends the craw fish were. It was quite a row, but with such a crew the Seth fairly flew over the water, and by one o'clock the watcher on the float was welcoming vthe wanderers and about twenty-five craw-fish. Now for the bass!.

During the latter part of the afternoon Anne did some exploring in a kyack, then there was a short swim. J.D.S. tried a bit of trolling, but the fish had heard of the morning's expedition, and were evidently waiting for the craw-fish.

The Newburys rode up to the store with Sadie after supper and walked back, thus putting themselves in such a well exercised condition that we don't know just how much of "The Nine Tailors" reached their inner ears!

Louise is much better than any gold, and seems to enjoy camp life, bless her little heart!

Tuesday, Aug 24.
Bar. 29.59
Temp. 66
Wind S.E.by E. Light
Fog
Forecast. Better have a rain coat handy.

Inspite of the forecast, we only had one or two very small showers. However, it was not much of a water day, and activities centered around the shop. It looks as if the young Newburys and Louise Shaw were going to have opportunities to learn something about horse-back riding, if their papas conquor the problems of construction before them.

While the men-folk labored with hammer and saw, the ladies were busy--very busy-- especially Mrs. Newbury, who never moved from the piazza, where she sat, book in hand until she turned the last leaf of "The Pattern."

J.D.S. tried a bit of fishing now and then through the day, but the fish do not like an east wind, and he landed nothing.

A good swim was enjoyed just before supper, and in the evening we had our usual combination of reading and sleeping, with the plot of "The Nine Tailors" thickening every minute.

J.W.S. busied herself by preparing for more family, for the Bob Shaws and the Flints are to arrive tomorrow, hurrah! Hurray!

Wednesday, Aug.25,
Bar.29.59
Temp.68,wind N.W.Light.
Forecast,Likely to have a pleasant day with variable winds.

Our thoughts were divided between looking forward to the arrival of the Robert Shaws and the T.Flints, and FISHING.Bert went a-fishing in a kyak and came back with two good-sized bass,Hurrah for the first fish of the Post-Boy season!Later in the day he got another, an Anne one, and J.D.S. one. These were all caught trolling.

After a perfectly horrid journey, Nouch and Jill landed at Waterville about noon. They took the night train from N.Y. which should have connected with the Belgrade train at Portland. The N.Y. train was late, and the other one pulled out of the station while Jill was busy with her breakfast.They got a bus to Waterville, and telephoned to Anderson's where John and I were trying to pick up their trail. They both looked as fresh as daisies, and we were all back at camp in time for dinner.their signatures follow.

Nouchy Shaw and Jill

At 5.30 we heard a familiar beep-beep, and a car rolled up with R.H.S. at the wheel and Mrs.Tom Flint(Rebecca) and her two children, Here are their proper entries. Robert H. Shaw, Rebecca H. Flint and Sue Flint and

With them came
Martha Borden and Louise Pratt
who are going to help with the children.

The afternoon gave us some really perfect weather. Some of us swm, some fished. We also had a pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Arnold, who paddled from Ram Island.

Total fish for the season.

White perch	118
Yellow "	1
Bass	29
Horned pout	2
Total	150

Thursday, Aug 26
Bar. 29.5
Temp. 62. E.
Wind, N. by E.
Clearing

It cleared with a roaring Nor'wester, and white caps running strong and free. Glorious, but not much good for water activities, though the Flints found the point sheltered enough for a swim. Work on horses continued in the shop, and in the afternoon the first gee rocked into the big room. Louise did not seem to appreciate it as much as the rest of us. He truly is a wonderful animal. The Montana Mustang is not quite ready to make his bow to us, but we who have been allowed to look in at him in the Training Stable(Shop to you) think he is a marvel.

A husky wood squad got together a fine pile of wood for the fire-place. Enough to make good fire for a good many coolish mornings.

after supper there was very pleasant singing of rounds and other songs around the piano, with Anne at the keyboard. Bert tried fishing but all he caught was his sweater. J.D.S. and Mabel scooted about in kayacks, until all gathered around to hear how our friends of "The Nine Tailors " were progressing. The plot thickens every evening.

Friday, Aug.27
Bar.29.76
Temp.56
Wind,E. by S.
Partly cloudy and cool.

When the wind's from Philip Mountain,
And the white-caps break in fountains,
The wiley fisherman stays in camp,
And makes his bed and cleans a lamp !

Our new weather-man, R.H.S. has made a poetic beginning, the question is, can he keep it up?

In spite of the forecast, by ten o'clock the pond was calm and the skies so blue that all things pointed to an all-dayer. Philip Mountain seemed the most attractive, and the Abagadassett with the Bob Shaws and the Newburys left the float headed North at soon after ten .Not long after the John Shaws went a-fishing . They tried their luck around Oak Island, with very good results, for they came back with four bass and one big horned pout. Mabel caught them all!

At noon the was a bright solar halo, so we were not surprised to have the wind come up in the afternoon, and the clouds begin to thicken.

Before the wind got too strong, the good ship Pie-Plant, who had gone a-wandering in yesterday's blow, was towed home and we are glad to see her cheerful orange hull at her mooring again.

Martha and Lu swam to the point, and both looked as if they could have gone on to Pine Island if neccessary.

It had been arranged that the Philipers should try to heliogrph to us at 1.16, so the stay-at-homers were out on the float at that time, and saw the flashes very clearly. If we did not read the messages a-right, it was not the fault of the senders. We tried to flash back, but the sun was at a difficult angle for us, and the flashes did not reach the picnickers.

The Flints had a pleasant morning at Merryweather Beach, where the sun was warm and there was no wind.

The Nine Tailors in the evening, as usual, Lord Peter Wimsey is on the trail!

Saturday, Aug. 28
Bar. 29.66
Temp. 58
Wind, calm
Showers in the a.m.
clearing in the p.m.

The weather kept us guessing all the morning, but no williwas developed and some fishing parties went out both morning and afternoon. Four good bass were landed, three by R.H.S. and the other by Bert Newbury. There was an expedition to Merryweather Beach, where the young Flints had some pretty thrilling adventures with submarines, which looked very much like logs to those not in the know.

Our friend Charles Mills had slipped up on the vegetable order, so there was an emergency trip to Mr. Blake's on the Oakland road. Now we are stocked up for a day or two.

In the afternoon arrived, Tom Flint,

and in a remarkably short the Flint family was aboard the Hecuba, and exploring the nearer reaches of the pond.

The Pilip Mountineers stopped on the way back, the other day, and did some caw fishing at Goose Beach. When they got home, it was discovered that apaddle had been left there. So this afternoon R.H.S. started up the outboard, and he and J.W.S. putputted off to recover the paddle. Not until they came home did they find out that they had beenbreaking the LAW!. Even if the gas used was saved from last year, outboard motoring is OUT, and several people have been haled into court for the offence. Well, the Shawnee escaped, but we won't do it again. We understand that the ban is to be lifted on Sept. fist.

J.D.S. gave his thumb a very lusty crack when fixing up the small landing. Ice water seemed to help it, and he went to bed and to sleep at the usual time. At about two a.m, the thing whooped it up, and Mabel called on Tom Flint to puncture the nail and so reduce the pressure. The operation was accomplished with skill and abundant use of alcohol, and the patient went off to sleep very promptly.

Sunday Aug. 29,
Bar. 29.80, rising
Temp. 56
Wind N.E.
A nice day, with wind S.W.
in the p.m.

This morning seemed fair enough for a Merryweather Beach trip, so the young Flints, Miss Gillian Shaw and their mammas went off in the Seth, (or perhaps the Darius), and spent a warm and pleasant morning in and out of the water. Some of the men tried fishing, but the bass seemed to know that the weather was not very settlrd and only one small perch was caught..

In the afternoon there was a wonderful wood squad. A boat set off around the point where many big dead oaks and pines fell before the doughty axe-men. The logs were then rafted---that sounds much better than saying they were tied together---, and towed back to camp. Ther are many hours of good heat in them thar logs!

As the south wind came up, it seemed a good afternoon to try a sail boat. So the good ship Remnant Sail was taken down, and made her designer work very hard to keep up with her. She almost got away from R.H.S., and he raised a good big blister, and is rather more comfortable standing than sitting!

The Sunday picnic was in Pine Parlor, where we had a good fire, and where there is never any lack of fire wood. After supper, all sat around the fire and sang rounds and other songs. Becky took her children back to camp in time to take the flag down, then after more singing, we all came back, to have a good lot of hymn-singing around the piano before our chapter of The Nine Tailors.

How glad we are that Nouchy can play the piano!

Fishing record to date.

White perch	119
Yellow "	1
Bass	37
Horned Pout	3
Total	160

Monday, Aug 30
Bar. 29.75, dropping
Temp.60
Wind South
Occasional rain in the
morning, clearing in thep.

At breakdast J.W.S. was greeted with "Happy birthday to you", and was much pleased at the attention. It was the first of many birthday observances, for she had presents, stroked the "Ouani" and was preseneted with a CAKE at supper. Many thanks to each and all!

J.D.S. has put up a swing on the chinning bar, and we expect to see Sue Flint a-swinging on it very often.

The weather was very uncertain all day., and though there were various fishing trips the total catch was rather small. Even the evening trip, with a south wind, failed to lure the perch from their lurking places, and the catch was numbered by ones instead of by twenties as we hoped. Never mind, there are enough for a chowder.

The Ouani trip was around Oak. The crew took in all members of the camp except Louise and Jill, with Sue as passenger. Tommy Flint is not the youngest paddler that the Ouani has had, but the next to the youngest. We believe that Arthur Ticknor paddled to Merryweather Beach when he was six, thus beating Tommy by one year.

We might note that though the weather aws uncertain, very few drops of rain fell, and all the clothes got dry.

"The Nine Tailors was finished in the evening---- What a tale!

4 Cass

Tuesday, Aug. 31
Bar.29.70,rising
Temp. 59
Wind N.N.W.
A "Northwest" day

Clear skies and bright sun said very clearly "This is THE day for an expedition".The campers agreed, so lunches were put up, and in mid-morning the Worry and the Abagadassett manned as four paddlers, set out accross the pond to explore the Caves.They got back at 3.50, coming home pretty fast before the wind.The caves are there, as they were years ago. This may not surprise anyone, but there always is some doubt about locating them, and if the time comes when they are not found, then we shall feel reasonably sure that they have moved away.

Poor Lou Pratt has a perfectly horrid case of poison ivy, and her face is so swollen that she can only see a little with one eye, not at all with the other.

The trip to the caves seemed to have provided exercise enough, for the rest of the day was spent with books and playing with the children. There was a swim on the Point for the Flint family and the ladies of the R.H.S. family. Jill loves the water, and protests quite firmly when her Ma thinks it time for her to come out. A dip before supper was enough for the rest of the camp, and some did not even want that.

Caroms and some short Stories were our evenings entertainment, but as we went to bed we saw that Old Ma'am Nature was putting on quite a show of Northern Lights. Some of us spent some time on the float watching the beautiful streamers shift and change, while others watched them from the shore.

Wednesday, Sept. 1
Bar. 29.55, dropping
Temp. 60
Wind calm
Forecast, rain in the p.m.

It is sad when we have to begin recording departures. This morning Martha Borden and Lou Pratt went to Boston by the morning train. Poor Lou 's eyes were almost entirely closed by the swelling from poison ivy, and she looked as if she could not see at all. Martha was all set to guide her, and as Lou declared she could see a little (It must have been very little), we think the journey went all right

In the morning there was fishing, with very good results. The Shaw boat caught four bass and the Flint one four also. Tom held the high mark, with three to his hook and line.

The predicted rain came on a little while before the R.H. Shaws left to take the afternoon train from North Belgrade. Oh dear, how we hated to have them go!

The rain did not last very long, and there was more fishing in the afternoon, with Tom again proving himself tha champion. He got two bass, both good ones. The evening's catch again went to Tom, and he brought in One bass and one horned pout. Total catch for the day, II bass, I horned pout.

Fishing record to date.

White perch------	II9
Yellow "-------	I
Bass----------	52
Horned pout------	4
Total	I76

Thursday, Sept.2
Bar,29.7I rising
Temp. 56
Sky overcast
Sea diturbed, a gray day

Rosalind Richards, John Richards

The above Old Campers arrived about noon, bringing with them vegetables from the Home Garden, most welcome to the housekeeping dept. J.R. is staying until camp closes, but alas! R.R. left almosr immediately after dinner. It is good that she looked in, even if for such a brief time.

Not only was "The sea Disturbed", to quote from the weather report, the skies were not very settled either. There were spits of rain at intervals. Bert and John spent much time in the shop, making toys for their offspring. Tom was very uncomfortable with a pulled sacro-illiac. It became so painful that J.D.S. drove him out to Waterville in the evening, taking him to DR. Brown, an Osteopath, who fixed him up.

In the morning two fish were caught, One of these was caught by young Tom Flint. It was his first his fish, and thus marks quite a milestone.

There was another fishing trip in the p.m., but only one fish was landed, a perch, by J.R. who thus kept up his record.

Friday Sept,3

There was a very fine weather report and forecast, but it seems to have been mislaid. We think the forecast was for either "A gray day", or "Grade A." The first was a true forecast, as the skies were overcast all day.

J.R. and J.D.S. set forth in the Shawnee with her kicker kicking merrily, to try deep sea fishing behind Hoyt's Island. It is said that huge trout lurk in the deepest part. Well, they may, but they were not to be lured forth, and the fishermen returned with four white perch. Meanwhile the Flint family fished with better success, as far as poundage goes. Young Tom caught a bass weighing two and an eighth pounds. Hurrah for Tommy! Anne Newbury got a medium bass, thus bringing the day's catch up to Two bass and four perch.

"A Modern Alladin " is keeping us agog in the evenings.

Fishing record

White perch	124
Yellow perch	1
Bass	56
Horned Pout	4
Total	185 fish

Saturday, Sept. 4
Bar.30.01
Temp.60
Wind S.E.
Sky overcast
Warmer today, with gradually clearing skies around 9 to 10 o'clock. Wind S.E. and moderate Temp. will rise to abt.68.5 around 2p.m.At abt.4.30 sky will begin to become overcast again, at 6.30 a warm drizzle will begin to fall

Wow, what a forecast! some of it just had to be true. At any rate, it was a cloudy and rather damp day.

We don't like to record departures, but the time has come when they will come thick and fast. This morning, right after breakfast the Newburys went off in Sadie's truck, to catch the morning train from Waterville.A little fishing was tried in the morning, but with no success.John and Mabel went out in shells, and may we note that Mabel is the best lady singler we have had.There were trips to the store to lay in gas for homeward trips, and one by Kyak inthe p.m. by J.R. There were mighty washings of boats, and all except the Darius wre put in the boathouse.

In the evening we finished "A Modern Alladin", a wonderful tale!

Sunday,Sept. 5
Bar .29.97,temp.62,Wind S.E.
Sky,overcast,low fog.Sea, troubled
Slightly warmer today,continued cloudy, showers from time to time.

Tom Flint certainly makes a very complete forecast.

Departures today. The T. Flints in their car, after breakfast.

The J.D.Shaws, soon after, their car loaded to the gunwales. A-top the car, the baby's crib, folded. with mattress on it, and a-top that the two prancing rocking horses, Montana Mustang and Concord Cob. Truly a wonderful sight!

The day was spent listing, picking up etc.

Monday, Sept.6, 1943

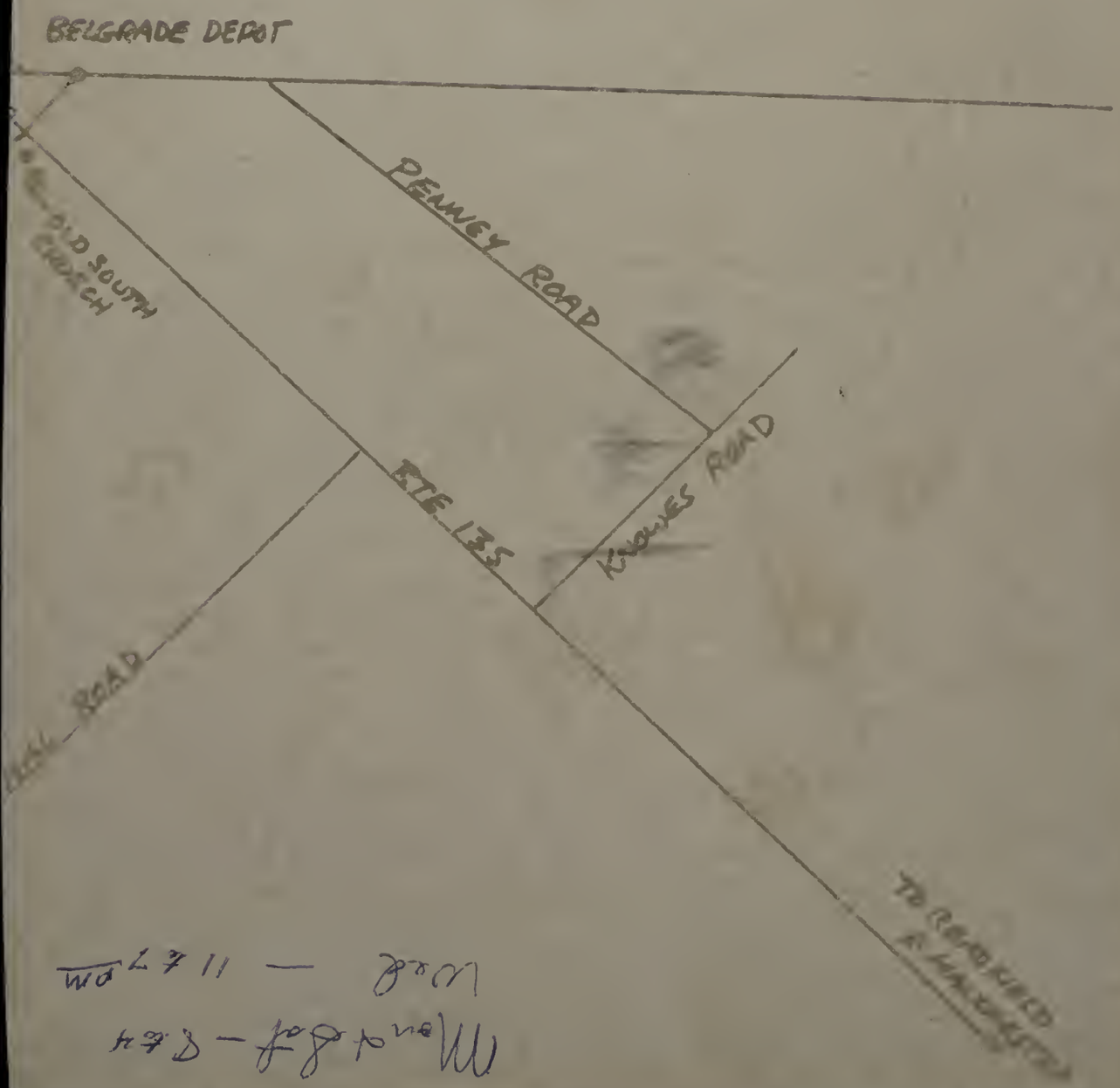
The weather-man would have made somewhat the same report this morning. Early, about five thirty, there awas a perfect deluge of rain, but soon after breakfast we had the usual gray and foggy condition which has prevailed lately. The morning was a busy one, with J.R. listing and putting away in his dept. and J.W.S. doing the same in hers . Sadie worked wonders in the kitchen, and when Bert arrived in the family car from Gardiner, he was put to work too. With all these hands we were all packed up and away soon after a picnic lunch at noon.

We hate to leave, but feel happy and thankful for the beautiful summer in this beloved place. So we leave the pond and woods, and hope the deer and other wild creatures will enjoy the next months as much as we have the last two.

OF BELGRADE

LOCATION OF
ANITARY LANDFILL
N DUNN ROAD

OLD BELGRADE DUMP
LOCATION ON CHANDLER
ROAD IS NOW PRIVATE
PROPERTY, WITH NO
DUMPING AUTHORIZED



The oil should be checked daily. I.e. pull the dipstick, wipe off, put back in and check oil level. It needs about half a cup daily, for four or five hours running.

Every adult male is supposed to split at least one log per diem, to be followed by wine & oatcakes! There is plenty to split!

Big Mexico & two minor Mrs. all doing great!

There was some letter sent to us from one of your jolly guests about a Jackie Box

?

? ? ?

~~We are going to Marine [illegible] so far [illegible] good time~~

The oil should be checked daily. I.e. pull the clips at the ends, wipe off, put back in and check oil level. It needs about half a cup daily, for four or five hours running.

Every adult male is supposed to split at least one log per diem, to be followed by some & details! There is plenty to split!

Big Frenico & two minor Frs. all doing great!

175 THERE WAS SOME LETTER SENT TO US FROM ONE OF YOUR GUYS QUESTIONS ABOUT A JACKIE BOX

7

7 7 7